Feb. 28, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—A comedy dealing with a celebrated restaurant and the Yiddish theatre. Rather slight and special for the general public. Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are in it. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are fine for two acts but become a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., March 7.)

Heart of a City—A play about the bombing of London, demonstrating perhaps that it is still too early to write a play about the bombing of London. The girls, however, are very attractive, especially Beverly Roberts, Margot Grahame, and Gertrude Musgrove. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs., except Feb. 26, and Sat.)

Jason—Samson Raphaelson presents his compliments to the dramatic critics in a rather uneven play about one of them. George Macready has the title rôle and Nicholas Conte impersonates a playwright who might be Saroyan. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of two little girls called Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Macbeth—Maurice Evans and Margaret Webster collaborating on Shakespeare's best detective story. Judith Anderson is magnificent as the lady with the bloody hands. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 28.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. George Kaufman's direction is superb. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Papa Is All—Dialect comedy about a Pennsylvania Dutch family and how they turn on the old man. Pretty slight, although the Theatre Guild has given it a nice production. With Jessie Royce Landis, Carl Benton Reid, and Celeste Holm. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 28.)

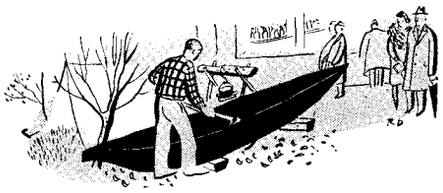
The Rivals—R. B. Sheridan's ancient comedy revived by the Theatre Guild, for some reason or other. Except for Bobby Clark, nothing much comes of it. The cast includes Mary Boland, Walter Hampden, and Philip Bourneuf. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Eves. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Feb. 28.)

Spring Again—Grace George's gentle, eloquent performance is a great help to this modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Guest in the House—A play by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson, based on a story by Katherine Albert, with Louise Campbell and Leon Ames. Staged by Reginald Denham and produced by Stephen and Paul Ames. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Feb. 26 and 28, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Under This Roof—A play by Herbert B. Ehrmann, with Barbara O'Neil and Russell Hardie. Produced by Russell Lewis and Rita Hassan. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 7.

WITH MUSIC

Banjo Eyes—Eddie Cantor, back after twelve years, in a routine but lavish musical based on "Three Men on a Horse." His assistants include Lionel Stander and the De Marcos. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Best Foot Forward—The locale of this George Abbott comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being quite exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., also Sun. at 3. Benefit performance, with extra entertainment, for the Navy League and the American Friends of Norway, Tues. Eve., March 3, at 8:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Of V We Sing—A topical revue containing a lot of nice children but not quite enough talent. (Concert Theatre, 58, E. CI 6-3853. Wed. through Sun. Eves. at 8:40.)

Porgy and Bess—A superior revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it again, including Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, and Georgette Harvey. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Sons o' Fun—The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser help to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Boston Opera Company in "Iolanthe," through Fri., Feb. 27; "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Sat. and Sun., Feb. 28-March 1; "The Gondoliers," Tues. through Thurs., March 3-5; "The Mikado," Fri., March 6; and "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Trial by Jury," Sat., March 7, final performance of the season. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664). . . . The Savoy Opera Guild in "The Gondoliers," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Feb. 26-28 and March 5-7, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Marianne Oswald Lorraine—The program by this diseuse will include sketches and poems by Sandburg, MacLeish, Cocteau, and other contemporaries: Sat. Eve., Feb. 28, at 8:45. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Cinderella": Sat. Aft., March 7, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.) . . . The King-Coit Children's Theatre in Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring": Sat. and Sun. Afts., March 7-8, at 4. (Cosmopolitan Club, 129 E. 65. For tickets, call CA 5-8995.)

DANCE RECITALS

Dance Festival—A Russian war-relief benefit, with Ruth St. Denis, David Lichine, Tatiana Riabouchinska, Bill Robinson, Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, Paul Haakon, Patricia Bowman, and Paul Draper, among others: Fri. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8:30. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Appearing in "Flickers" and other theatre pieces, Sat. and Sun. Eves., Feb. 28-March 1; and "This Passion" and other numbers, to be announced, Sat. Eve., March 7; at 8:45. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Martha Graham—Assisted by her group in "El Penitente," "Letter to the World," and "Punch and the Judy": Mon. Eve., March 2, at 8:45. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229.)

Argentinita—Appearing with her company in a program which will include some new compositions: Fri. through Sun. Eves., March 6-8, at 8:45. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande and his orchestra are playing in the Trianon Room.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis in a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a samba band, and some other entertainers.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still one of the most popular winter resorts. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras seem to have won favor from the ivy-college trade.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, offers songs by Ella Logan and music by Stanley Melba's orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Eleanor French sings in the perennial Persian Room, where there's also Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a dance team.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff, of the Metropolitan Ballet, head the show in this lofty lookout. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—You'll find Maurice and Cordoba dancing in the Iridium Room. Paul Sparr's orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lounge, there's John Hoysradt pretending he's famous people. Ernie Holst's orchestra.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Bob Grant's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. Billy de Wolfe heads the big show and there's also a tightwire-walker. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The antic Hartmans are dancing in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour. Dinah Shore and Freddy Martin's orchestra are around all evening. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—For moments when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dim little place, with a number of competent performers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her hearty songs and, through Sat., Feb. 28, the Revuers will provide their own kind of songs and foolishness. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time. Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show which includes Mata and Hari, the dancers, and Georgie Price. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Hazel Scott, mistress of the Negro ceremonies, keeps cool and contained, even while John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands are raising a rumpus. The Golden Gate Quartet is around, too. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mon. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Enric Madriguera's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Evalyn Tyner's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar place specializing in folk singers, with Burl Ives and Belle Rosette on hand at the moment. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American, with Jack Harris's orchestra playing for dancing. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White and Frankie Hyers aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard in a Billy Rose show that's been going almost a year.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Sidney Bechet, Pee Wee Russell, and a number of others play in this downtown meeting place. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio; on Mon., a juke box. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, with the King Cole Trio and Sabby Lewis's orchestra.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

AMERICANS—At the **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: paintings by George Inness, Albert Ryder, and other nineteenth-century artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 7. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: about thirty drawings by Glackens, Hart, Henri, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21. . . . **HARRIMAN**, 63 E. 57: paintings by twenty-five primitive artists, selected by Sidney Janis, who knows his way around in this field. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 7.

AUSTIN—New oils by an artist with a considerable flair for the sinuous and mysterious: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 28.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 7.

BAROQUE PAINTING—Works by Salvator Rosa, Luigi Crespi, and other members of a seventeenth-century school that has had an increasing influence on modern art: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

BERMAN—New paintings, more dramatic in color and design than in the past, if not always more striking in effect: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kway—Large and well-selected exhibition of works by Mount and Quidor, those early-nineteenth-century American painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and William Owen: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through March 21.

FRENCH—At the **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: oils by Derain and Utrillo. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 10. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: figure painting in modern art, with a fine Picasso leading the list of examples. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: from Daumier and Corot to Cézanne and Renoir, in a survey of nineteenth-century painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28.

GROUPS—At **RAYMOND & RAYMOND**, 40 E. 52: membership showing of water colors, gouaches, and small sculptures by An American Group. Many good things. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: works by eighteen contemporary Americans, including Etnier, Laufman, and Kroll, all associated with this gallery. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: Whitney Hoyt, Oscar Lewis, and Elsa W. Bley lead this gallery's eighth annual group exhibition of oils and water colors. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

JIMENEZ—This Mexican painter, deeply influenced by Picasso, shows some boldly distorted nudes: Zborowski, 61 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

KLEE—A rotating exhibition of works by this artist—oils, water colors, and other media—planned to continue throughout the rest of the season: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

LEVI—Paintings and gouaches, mainly of seaside scenes, by an artist who has added strength to an already sensitive vision: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

MASSON—Paintings by one of the original Paris surrealists in his first one-man showing here since 1935: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 14.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Special exhibits: big, varied loan show of contemporary American paintings and sculptures, bearing the self-descriptive title "On the Bright Side" (through March 15); stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi, and the Museum's collection of Rembrandts, shown in its entirety for the first time (both through March 29); the Gallatin collection of Greek vases, with over two hundred and fifty examples, ranging from the seventh to the second centuries B.C. (through April 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Lively show of water colors, drawings, and photographs, some amateurish and some decidedly good, by soldiers at Fort Custer, Michigan; also, paintings and sculptures by eighteen contemporary Americans, all living outside the New York area. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 8.

O'KEEFFE—Bones, flowers, and other incongruities again juxtaposed with this artist's faultless skill and taste: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 17.

PICASSO—Eleven paintings, done between 1918 and 1926, and practically all masterpieces: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 7.

PIECK—Paintings, cool in color, sparse in detail, and generally very effective: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sun., March 1.

TAMAYO—Eleven paintings and a sculpture by one of the most original of the modern Mexican artists: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

TAUBES—Large show of oils, with the artist's mood of gentle mystery wearing thin toward the end of it, but containing some notable pieces nevertheless: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

TWACHTMAN—Paintings by one of the early American Impressionists: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

WAR ILLUSTRATIONS—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: World Wars I and II as seen by a variety of poster artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57: an exhibition of cartoons by Addams, Alain, Hilton, Szyk, and other contemporary magazine satirists. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28.

HERE AND THERE—At **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings by this gallery's group; 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Feb. 26. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: paintings by William Thoeny. Mon., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 7. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 5 Ave., at 89: annual exhibition of the American Society of Etchers. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: water colors by contemporary Americans. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **MAYER**, 41 E. 57: paintings of the New England coast by Beatrice Cuming. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: water colors by Bruce Mitchell. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 38 E. 57: oils by Elliot Orr. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 28. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: portraits and landscapes by old masters and contemporary artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: recent paintings by Oronzo Gasparo. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 7. . . . **PINACOTHECA**, 20 W. 58: paintings by Walter Quirt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 14. . . . **SCHNEIDER-GABRIEL**, 71 E. 57: water colors by nineteenth-century American and European artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Koussevitzky conducting: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 27, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 28, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., March 1, at 3. Goossens conducting: Thurs. Eve., March 5, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 6, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., March 7, at 8:45. (Soloists: Menuhin, March 5-6; Stewart, March 7.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting; soloist, Skolovsky: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 28, at 3.

MUSEUM CONCERT—Opening program of the annual symphonic series, Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sun. Aft., March 1, at 4.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Szell conducting; soloists, Wummer and Salzedo: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., March 1, at 5:30.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Pensis conducting; soloist, Morini: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., March 1, at 8:45.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Joslyn conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., March 6, at 8:40.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Jascha Heifetz, Wed. Eve., March 4, at 8:45; Vladimir Horowitz, Fri. Eve., March 6, at 8:30. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Henri Deering and Mischa Elzon, Fri. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8:45.

TOWN HALL—Maurice Eisenberg, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8:30; Webster Aitken, Sat. Aft., Feb. 28, at 3; Maria Kurenko, assisted by Frances Blaisdell and others (benefit for Russian war relief), Sun. Aft., March 1, at 3; Rene Le Roy, assisted by a chamber orchestra and soloists, Wed. Eve.,

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IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS!

One in a series of notable paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists

Grading the leaf after curing. Painted from life on a Carolina farm by Peter Hurd

WE PAID 34%* MORE IN CONWAY, S. C., TO GET THIS LIGHTER, NATURALLY MILDER LEAF

DOWN WHERE the black Waccamaw River twists its way toward the sea, is Conway, S. C., a typical Southern tobacco town.

It's interesting to know that in Conway this season, the makers of Luckies paid 34% above the average market price to get the naturally milder, better-tasting leaf—yes, 34% more, so you could enjoy in Luckies a milder, better-tasting cigarette.

This was not unusual. We paid well above the average market price in every one of 119 tobacco markets last season, to get the kind of leaf most smokers like best.

No wonder independent tobacco experts—the auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen who actually see this happen—have come to know that Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco.

That's why with these men who know tobacco best it's Luckies 2 to 1.

Smokers, when you choose *your* cigarette, remember: *It's the tobacco that counts!*

Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KY.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 4, at 8:30; Guiomar Novaes, Sat. Aft., March 7, at 3.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Robert Casadesus, Wed. Eve., March 4, at 8:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"The Bartered Bride," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 26; "Parsifal," Fri. Aft., Feb. 27; "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Feb. 27; "Un Ballo in Maschera," Sat. Aft., Feb. 28; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Feb. 28; "Pagliacci" and "The Island God," Mon. Eve., March 2; "Phoebus and Pan" and "Le Coq d'Or," Wed. Eve., March 4; "Tannhäuser," Thurs. Eve., March 5; "Aida," Fri. Eve., March 6; "Don Giovanni," Sat. Aft., March 7; "Tosca," Sat. Eve., March 7. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Sammy Angott vs. Bob Montgomery, catchweights, 12 rounds, Fri., March 6; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M. . . . Golden Gloves finals, Mon., March 2, starting at 8 P.M.

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Feb. 26; Brooklyn Americans vs. Canadiens, Sun., March 1; Brooklyn Americans vs. Rangers, Tues., March 3; Brooklyn Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., March 5. . . . Amateur-series games, Sun., March 1, at 1:30 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden, at 8 P.M.: National A.A.U. Meet, Sat., Feb. 28; Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Sat., March 7.

SKIING—Franconia, N.H.: Eastern amateur downhill, slalom, and combined championships, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 28-March 1. . . . Laconia-Gilford, N.H.: Eastern amateur four-event individual championships, Sat. and Sun., March 7-8. .

SKEET—Middle Atlantic championships, Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Stratford, Conn., Sat. and Sun., March 7-8, at 9 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S SHOW—The usual collection of exhibits designed to interest hunters and fishermen: Grand Central Palace, Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 26-28, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sun., March 1, from 12 noon to 7:30 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—About two hundred and fifty prints in the annual International Salon of Photography, sponsored by the Pictorial Photographers of America, with entries this year largely restricted to the Western Hemisphere: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 77, Sun., March 1, through Sun., March 22. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

FIREARMS EXHIBITION—A hundred and thirty revolvers, including a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1872: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

SCALE MODELS—Twenty-one examples of nineteenth-century ships used by this country, Britain, and France: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

BENEFIT—The Verdi Club's annual dinner, entertainment, and ball, for veterans: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Eve., March 5, at 8.

MORGAN LIBRARY—"The British Tradition," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 30.

COSTUMES—A display of accessories—hats, shoes, bags, and so on—such as men and women in Europe and America wore between 1675 and 1900: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 7.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 7.

ON THE AIR—"Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martinelli, Bonelli, and Castagna, from the Metropolitan Opera House, Sat. Aft., Feb. 28, at 2, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Sun. Aft., March 1, at 3, WABC. . . . Baseball: Giants vs. Dodgers, exhibition game, from Havana, Sat. Aft., Feb. 28, at 3, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper and William Hillman, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10:30, WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; Eric Sevareid, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 6, WABC; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8:45, and Mon. through Thurs. Eves., March 2-5, at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 3:30, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

TELEVISION: Civilian-defense programs are being shown Tues. at 9 P.M. and Fri. at 8:15 P.M. over WCBW, and Mon. through Wed. at 10:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 3, 4, 8, and 9 P.M. over WNBT.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—French, Spanish, and Italian furniture, and paintings, rugs, and decorations, owned by Mrs. E. Barret Blanchard, Mrs. Lathrop Brown, the late William H. Woodin, and others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Feb. 26-28, at 2. . . . Part III of the Woodin library: Thurs. Aft. and Eve., Feb. 26, at 2 and 8:15, and Fri. Aft., Feb. 27, at 2.

KENDE GALLERIES, at Gimbels, B'way at 33—American and European paintings, including some by Blakelock, Twachtman, Tiepolo, and Rubens, and furniture, silver, and porcelains, owned by Mrs. J. Madison Carlisle and others: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8, and Sat. Aft., Feb. 28, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY—Early New Hampshire legend in the manner of "Faust," from Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold are in it. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Feb. 27. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 28-March 3.)

BALL OF FIRE—Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper in a lesson in American slang which is very illuminating. Underworld types and professors in some surprising encounters. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., March 4.)

BIRTH OF THE BLUES—"Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Lovey Mine" and other songs of an old era in an attractive, pleasant film, with Mary Martin and Bing Crosby. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., March 3-7. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., March 4-6.)

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS—James Cagney in full flight, and in Technicolor, with added information on the R.C.A.F. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

FANTASIA—Disney, along with Stokowski and his symphony orchestra, Deems Taylor, special sound effects, and all—slightly trimmed but still weathering the seasons. (Broadway, B'way at 53; through Sat., Feb. 28.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE—Of life and its strange customs and superstitions in the back hills of Mexico, far from the busy social worker. With a story by Steinbeck and a commentary spoken by Burgess Meredith. (Art, 36 E. 8.)

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.—A careful screen version of the Marquand novel that should not entirely offend Beacon Hill residents who secretly sneak to the movies. With Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Feb. 27. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Mon., March 2. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., March 4. . . . Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; Sun. through Wed., March 1-4. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., March 3-4.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN—Interesting and romantic sketch of life in a Mexican border town, where the immigration problem keeps things stirring. With Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 28-March 2. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., March 3-5.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—A deadly solemn but honest and aspiring film of the miners in the Welsh collieries. With Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., March 4. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Sun. through Thurs., March 1-5.)

KINGS ROW—A rare and distinguished film, of no interest to Mickey Rooney fans. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Ronald Reagan, Claude Rains, and Charles Coburn in an adult story of a small town in the nineties. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

LABURNUM GROVE—That quaint sketch of the respectable London counterfeiter which we saw on the stage a while back. With Edmund Gwenn in his old rôle. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Feb. 27.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in a conscientious reproduction of a comedy which is fast becoming a classic. Rumored to be the truth, you know, about one of our great literary figures. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., Feb. 26. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. through Fri., March 4-6.)

TARGET FOR TONIGHT—The R.A.F. account of a raid upon a German town and how it is managed, from the take-off to the return landing. Impressive and sober and, if anything, far too brief. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 27-March 1.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—Hepburn, Tracy; jokes about baseball, refugees, and bridal nights. Ho hum, take it away. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

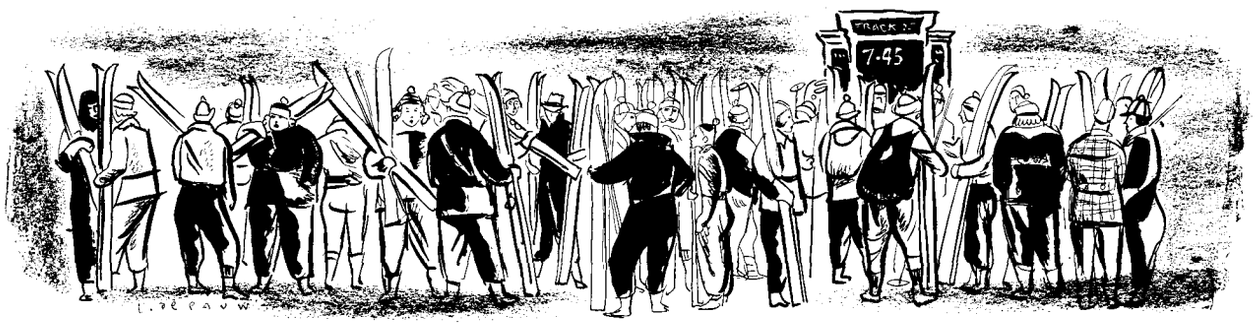
CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Thurs., Feb. 27-March 5.)

THE GIRL IN THE NEWS (1941)—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a Carol Reed mystery about a trained nurse. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., March 3-4.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Mon., March 2. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., March 4-5.)

LIFE DANCES ON (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Fri., Feb. 27.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—THURS., FEB. 26: "The New York Hat" (1912), Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "The Fugitive" (1914), William S. Hart; "The Clever Dummy" (1917), Mack Sennett comedy; and "A Fool There Was" (1914), Theda Bara. FRI. AND SAT., FEB. 27-28: two Italian films (1906 and 1914). SUN. AND MON., MARCH 1-2: "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1911), Gabrielle Réjane; "La Dame aux Camélias" (1912), Sarah Bernhardt; "Vanity Fair" (1915), Minnie Maddern Fiske; and "Cenere" (1916), Eleanora Duse. TUES. AND WED., MARCH 3-4: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915), directed by D. W. Griffith.



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NIGHT SKIN CREAM

and

BEAUTY BALM

by

Germaine Monteil

the one to soothe and smooth your skin while you sleep . . . the other to lend translucency to your skin while you are about, barring the way to dust and wind and time.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CHECKING a loved one into the hospital, to have her metabolism stepped up to wartime efficiency, we were conscious of a deep envy of the patients. All of them, however restless their night, however bland their diet, however irregular their charts, were doing as well as could be expected.

WE have a letter here from the Buffalo Museum of Science, asking us if we can send them "something funny from a museum point of view" to pin up on their bulletin board. It is a polite request and probably a reasonable one, but it nearly breaks our heart, putting us in no mood to think up a gag. Our reply must be in the negative, with regret. No jokes today, Buffalo Museum of Science. Heard anything good out there lately from a magazine point of view?

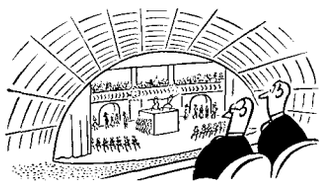
UNBRIDLED commercial ingenuity has about it these days a note of wistfulness which we find as disconcerting as the Buffalo Museum's quest for laughs. Lewis & Conger, for example, have finally perfected, after no little trouble, a new kind of window curtain which, they assure us, "is designed to overcome the familiar problem of the peeping Tom."

WISHFUL thinkers—people who always look for an early spring—found themselves this February facing more than their seasonal quota of disillusionments. Only a few weeks ago Singapore was impregnable, the Gneisenau and Scharnhorst were in Brest for the duration, and General Rommel was so inescapably trapped that he could not even run home for a fatal illness. One by one the comforting notions vanished, leaving behind them the pained, familiar feeling that this was not the way things were supposed to happen at all. Wrestling with this state of mind ourself last week, we were cheered by an apt and poignant incident which took place in the Netherlands Indies. It appears that word got about that James Cagney, James Stewart, and John Payne had arrived in Flying Fortresses, and when these appetizing reinforcements turned out to be only a rumor, all the Dutch girls were terribly let down. It was a pleasant vision, we know—America lavishly sending them not one hero but three, each habitually invincible; still, like the rest of us, the girls should probably not have let their hopes get out of hand. Undoubtedly, like the rest of us, they are already recovering from their disappointment and doing the best they can with what they've got. It may even be some consolation to them to reflect that any producer, before dispatching three stars on such an errand, would as a matter of course have tucked Veronica Lake, Ann Sheridan, and Dorothy Lamour away in the planes.

A LADY who lives on Beacon Street, Boston, writes that the neighborhood air warden went to considerable pains to get up a printed sheet of instructions for the residents of his district, explaining to them (1, 2, 3,

and so on) what to do in an air raid, telling them not to pour water on incendiary bombs, because if they did, the bombs probably would explode and kill them, and adding this striking admonition: "Remember, a bomb is not designed for your convenience." We admire this Yankee air warden's shrewdness in knowing how to make his people pay attention to what he is saying. It is a phrase that takes into account one of our great national illusions, the feeling that anything manufactured —from the impenetrable wrappers on packages of cigarettes to the immovable ice trays frozen stiff in the electric refrigerator—is designed for our convenience. Tell an American that something is *not* designed for his convenience and you may be sure he won't touch it with a ten-foot pole.

WE took an out-of-town friend to Radio City Music Hall the other night—through the great lobby, up the infinite stairs, out into the stupendous auditorium. The steel sky above us



was round and rifled; we were sitting in the barrel of some inconceivable gun, sighting the distant stage. Presently, from a cavern under the city, a giant platform rose, bearing an orchestra bathed in ghastly light and playing Rimski-Korsakov. There was a luminous pillar on the stage, around which men and women danced, while in its heart strange pagan figures swam in flame. This dimmed and sank, and the orchestra rumbled backward over the stage, lifted, hung suspended in air, and then miraculously was enclosed by the walls of an ancient city. We were in Mexico or Spain, and a gifted seal played "God Save the King" while fifty precision dancers kicked as one. Prodigy followed prodigy, change change, until at last all split, dissolved, vanished, and there came the kindly night and Miss Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year." We'd been through such things before, but we were interested in its effect on our friend, whose previous cultural ex-

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perience had been largely limited to Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"Well, what do you think of it, George?" we asked.

His reply was dazed and irrelevant, but we found it comforting.

"Do you know," he said, "this is the first time I've been *really* sure we couldn't lose this war."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: In the dressing rooms used by the A.W.V.S. physical-fitness classes, there are several bottles prettily labelled "Elizabeth Arden Rubbing Lotion for Women's Defense."

There's a Chinese restaurant up in the Bronx, at 233rd Street, which charges five cents extra for dishes served without onions.

Lureen's Beauty Salon, in Charleston, South Carolina, now advertises that the newest hair-do is the Bombshell—"an arrangement of short curls that splatter all over the head."

Hardships of War

CHECKING up (as we thought we might do from time to time) on recherché or strikingly unimportant shortages caused by priorities, blockades, and the like, we bumped into a dearth of imported pink cloth for huntin' coats; Brooks Brothers regretfully report that the English mill which makes this material for them—Melton cloth, it's called—is dyeing it blue and selling it to the Royal Navy. Tool steel is being used for drilling armor plate, which leaves little for dentists' drills. Bowling balls, which are made of hard rubber, are obviously going to be scarce, but did you know pins would likely be scarce, too? Hard maple is being diverted from bowling pins to lasts for military footwear.

Alligator shoes and bags are another item; no room for such frivolities in ships coming up from Latin America. Lack of shipping space also accounts for a shortage of stainless-steel surgical supplies—suture scissors, needles, and such; the ore for these came from Sweden, the finished steel from England, but no more. Some odd by-products, or non-by-products, of the rubber shortage are dress shields, hockey pucks, elastic for the tops of pajama pants, and chocolate-flavored rubber bones for dogs. (Macy's recently sold thirty-six rubber dog bones to a lady who wanted to ensure her Scotty's happiness for the duration.) The Japanese were the only manufacturers of feather bait for deep-sea game fishing and artificial grass suits for duck hunters. No more bait, no more grass suits.

Each soldier is expected to use a hundred pounds of wool next year, which means that woollen non-essentials, notably wool anklets, will soon be scarce. *Pâté de foie gras* is a delicacy that absolutely can't be duplicated over here, we're told. Hair tonic, perfume, and shaving lotion won't be the same because so much alcohol is being diverted to the manufacture of smokeless powder. Hand lotion contains glycerin, more useful these days in nitroglycerin. Ladies will also suffer from a shortage of dress sequins (they're metal), ermine and broadtail (they come from Russia), and tôle metalware.

News

FROM Washington, the United Nations' war capital, comes a dim flash showing Ham Fish in action. A lady we know was sitting in a little drugstore there, waiting for her husband to bring her a malted milk from the counter, and in strode Mr. Fish. He selected a morning paper, sat down, and opened it purposefully, like a man who knew exactly what he was looking for. He found it. Our informant, who has no more ethics than a cat, peeked. Mr. Fish was reading the comic strip "Li'l Abner."

Traveller

MOST of the thirty self-taught "modern primitives" whose paintings are currently being shown at the Marie Harriman Gallery owe their recognition to a retired shirt manufacturer who once won a dancing contest from Tony De Marco. We drag De Marco into this merely to capture your interest. The retired shirtmaker is Sidney Janis, and he retired because he wanted to give all his time to collecting paintings, discovering new artists, and talking and writing about them. He has done a book on twentieth-century American primitive painters called "they taught themselves" and is now working on another book. We visited him in his Central Park West apartment last week and found him a dark, friendly man of forty-four, looking younger. "I like the lower-case title of my book because painters are very informal people and I think it fits in with their character," he said. "Don't you?" We nodded and, questioning Mr. Janis adroitly, learned that he was born and reared in Buffalo, where Tony De Marco was a contemporary of his; that in 1917 he quit the University of Buffalo to join the U. S. Naval Aviation force; that he was an instructor in aeronautics in San Diego at the time of the armistice, and thereupon returned to Buffalo to enter the window-display and advertising business. In 1923 he married a New York girl and came here to live. He founded the M'Lord Shirt Company, began making M'Lord shirts, and commenced visiting art galleries with his wife.

Janis began buying paintings in 1926 and through the work of Henri Rousseau got interested in Americans he felt displayed a similar innocent quality; to find examples of it, he inspected dealers' stocks, outdoor shows in Washington Square, etc., and then sought out the artists who interested him. Few of them lived in New York, and soon the Janises found themselves spending their vacations driving around the country looking up blacksmiths, milliners, clergymen, and house painters. One of the first things Janis learned was that Sunday-supplement pieces about the fabulous value of art treasures had given some of the painters fantastic notions as to prices. A Chicago laboring man asked $100,000 for one of his paintings. The deal fell through, and later the painter wrote Janis for $150, with which he could come to New York and discuss the proposition further. This deal also fell through. Janis is not mercenary, however. He acts as agent for the self-taught artists, never exacting a fee, and maintains a sympathetic correspondence with them, also gratis. It is thanks to him that the Museum of Modern Art has bought paintings from Morris Hirshfield, an ex-slipper manufacturer of Brooklyn, and Patrick J. Sullivan, a West Virginia steel-mill worker. Janis is on the Museum's advisory committee and has arranged several shows there.

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Janis's passion for primitives has made him a minor Eleanor Roosevelt. He and his wife and two sons have been in practically every state in the Union on their tours. In 1939 he wound up the M'Lord shirt business, after stocking up personally with several dozen numbers with a special low neck and short-pointed collars. Since then he's averaged 35,000 miles a year. Now he has a station wagon, to simplify handling paintings. In addition to all this, American primitive painters, increasingly aware of his activities, send him several hundred pictures a year. About two per cent of these strike him as good enough to show to a dealer.

"Do much walking?"

• •

Seal Feed

THE music committee of a local Y.W.C.A., meeting to discuss the purchase of some new phonograph records, was puzzled to find in a list of suggestions from one of the younger members the laconic notation "Seal Feed." Took them quite a little while to figure out that it must have come from a phonetic admirer of Chopin's music for the ballet "Les Sylphides."

Flags Afloat

ONE of the news pictures of the U.S.S. Arizona sinking at Honolulu showed the Stars and Stripes flying at her stern, and this caused us to make some inquiries of a naval acquaintance about the use of national ensigns on warships. Under American naval regulations, which generally parallel those of other nations, Old Glory must be flown between 8 A.M. and sunset on all ships in commission. According to the official reports, the attack on Pearl Harbor began at 7:55 on the fateful morning of December 7th, and whatever the circumstances under which the Arizona's flag was run up, it was there when the ship went down a short while later.

If an American warship is at anchor, the flag flies from the stern flagstaff; on such specialized craft as submarines and aircraft carriers, demountable poles are provided. If a vessel is under way, the flag flies from the gaff, a spar near the top of the mainmast, the second of the two masts on battleships, cruisers, and destroyers. Aircraft carriers and other vessels which have only one mast bear their ensign on it. Submerged submarines, of course, are an exception to the rule.

The regulations provide that if a ship goes into action at night, the flag must be run up at once. "Under no circumstances shall an action be commenced or battle fought without the display of the national ensign," states Article 710. This means that a submarine commander coming up quickly to use his deck gun has to see that the ensign is immediately hoisted on a little staff on the conning tower.

Warships acting as commerce raiders are not bound by these rules internationally but are allowed to disguise themselves as neutral merchantmen until hostilities commence. But the moment a fight starts they are supposed to break out their national ensign. In the Mediterranean not long back the British sank an Italian warship after it had run up a white flag. This was no breach of naval good conduct. A white flag flown by a ship is a suggestion for a truce,

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which an opponent can accept or reject —or suspect. If a ship wishes to surrender, its proper move is to haul down its ensign. The Bismarck, although helpless, didn't strike her colors and the British plastered her to the end.

Forethought

AN earnest young mother of our acquaintance determined that the advent of War Time should not be allowed to disrupt her infant's feeding schedule. Early in January she began gradually changing his nursing hours a minute or so a day, so that by February 9th she had painlessly shifted each bottle a full sixty minutes. It was not until she saw her husband setting the clocks ahead that she realized she had made the immemorial error. She had set the infant back instead of forward, with the result that he was two hours off schedule. She figures she'll have him set right by May.

500 Feathered Friends

WE have gone one step further in the cock-of-the-rock situation, which is as far as we are going with the international situation what it is. When we went up to visit the Bronx Zoo's good-neighbor collection of Colombian birds, as reported here last week, we were told that we ought to see Mrs. Milton Erlanger, of 117 East Sixty-fourth Street and Oakhurst, New Jersey, one of the country's foremost bird-fanciers. This we did the other day, calling on her at her town house. Mrs. Erlanger is the owner of two cocks-of-the-rock and keeps them at Oakhurst, along with approximately 498 other birds. She bought these cocks from the Bronx Zoo, which imported ten of them from Colombia, sold three others to out-of-town zoos, and is keeping five for itself. These are the only cocks-of-the-rock in the whole country. One of Mrs. Erlanger's is a female, the only female in captivity. She paid $500 for the pair. She told us that the male always eats first, the female watching him and drooling until he is through. The cocks are fussy about food, Mrs. Erlanger added. She feeds hers hard-boiled eggs, carrots, and mashed sweet potatoes, grated. Since in Colombia the cocks always build their nests behind waterfalls, she is having her gardener construct a waterfall so that they will feel at home and not get into a frame of mind prejudicial to North America.

Mrs. Erlanger keeps her birds in nine large flights, or wire enclosures. Referring to our notes, we find that she told us she possesses the only bullfinch hen in America, has the most complete collection of small birds (finches, tanagers, and the like) in the East, has raised four nests of red-rumped Indian bulbuls, and can make noises like all the birds she owns. Bird-collecting, it seems, is full of surprises. For instance, she once bought an ailing, featherless bird which she took for a baby nightingale. She put it in a flight with some other birds, including a clarino, a blue Mexican bird, and the clarino fed the new bird worms and currants. It grew feathers and turned out to be a hen clarino, which no one but the original clarino, a cock, had guessed. They lived happily ever after. Her birds don't just eat worms and currants; they require many varieties of foods. Hummingbirds, for example, are given their choice of fruit flies or a liquid paste made of Nestlé's Food, hot water, and honey. Mrs. Erlanger rolls figs in cracker dust for her fruit pigeons and raises spiders for her sugarbirds.

In addition to the birds, Mrs. Erlanger is at the moment raising three children of her own, many prize poodles, and money for the Red Cross, and she is an air-raid warden and the founder of an organization called Dogs for Defense, which is training dogs for war service. "For one thing," Mrs. Erlanger said, "a dog can come to the aid of a sentry or patrol and find hidden men, day or night."

"Mr. MacLeish O.K.'s your speech for clearance, sir, but he wants to point out a dangling participle."

Volunteer

THE heroine of this little tale is a lady who joined up early in the war and rapidly rose to a post of responsibility in one of the ladies' volunteer outfits. She invested heavily in uniforms, spent long hours drilling, and in general was a model volunteer. One day, in conversation with her commanding officer, she mentioned that it might be a good idea if she instructed a substitute in the duties of her job. "A substitute?" her superior asked. "Why?" "In case of an air raid," the lady said. "I don't

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think I'd want to go out in an air raid."

Mess Call

IT seemed to be abundantly proved last week at a dinner of Les Amis d'Escoffier, a well-known group of local stomach-worshippers, that the simple fare of America's fighting men can be eminently edible if sufficiently dolled up, which was the purpose of the gathering. We were at the function, which was held at the New Yorker Hotel, arriving in time for a few sips of vermouth Bonivar before dinner. Nothing more severely alcoholic was available, on the ground that the palate must not be corroded if one is to appreciate even a soldier's mess.

Les Amis, and a number of their *amis*, were standing around, a great many of them speaking French, the language of the alimentary canal. Among them were two uniformed members of the Army's publicity staff who had come because they thought there might be a story for them. They'd decided that there wasn't, but that they'd probably get a good dinner. At the sound of a gong, a hush fell and all moved respectfully to the chow. We found ourself at a chair between two round men who were already studying the menu, a copy of which, decorated with the Stars and Stripes, was at each place. At each place, also, were three wineglasses.

Mr. Clay Morgan, an Ami who is with N.B.C. in the daytime, announced that the Society was aware the country faced a grim effort to maintain the morale of its fighting men and that the Society was about to demonstrate what could be done with Army food. He then outlined the rules of the organization: napkins to be tucked under the collar, no smoking until after the salad, the wine for each course to be drunk only during the course. Thereupon Louisiana creole gumbo, Fort Livingston, was served. While savoring its rich, morale-building goodness, we learned that the man on our right was Mr. Jacob Simonson, principal of the Food Trades Vocational High School, and that to our left was Mr. Hugh O'Connor, a squash-racquets player. Mr. O'Connor said he had played four games of squash that afternoon and hadn't eaten since. Three or four places down the table was Mr. Joseph Donon, general secretary of the American Culinary Federation and head chef to Mrs. Harrison McK. Twombly.

The second course was baked filet of fresh cod, Fort Devens, accompanied by California Riesling. Then came Army beef stew, Camp Upton, with navy beans, homemade noodles, braised celery, and California Burgundy, 1935. Mr. Simonson asked Mr. Donon if he thought the celery was all it might be and Mr. Donon said he thought it was, that the trouble was the standard of the other dishes was so high. Speaking of the beans, Mr. O'Connor said, "You can see what a little garlic will do." The salad was Kentucky Bibb lettuce, served with assorted American cheeses. The dessert was bombe Colin Kelly with friandises, and the lights were turned out while it was wheeled in on a candle-lit table, amid applause. It was accompanied by Imperial *brut* champagne. With the coffee, imported cognac, and cigars came, with further applause, M. Emile Wiolat, the hotel's *chef des cuisines*, whose handiwork the dinner had been. Then Captain R. W. Dempwolf of the Coast Guard spoke, saying that he had eaten a number of unusual things, such as the liver of an Alaskan fur seal, but the meal just presented would remain fixed in his memory. We left while we still had a memory. The next day we related our experience to a private, first class, up on leave from Fort Bragg, and he just looked at us coldly in complete silence.

"The most marvellous thing about it—the tires came through without a scratch."

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Confusion in the Stars

A MAN in the audience at the Hayden Planetarium one day last week kept lighting matches and looking at something on the floor, until finally the lecturer asked him please to stop. "Oh, all right," the man said. "It's just that my wife seems to have fainted."

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THE LEGS GO FIRST

HE came into Jake's not long after midnight and ordered a double Scotch with the air of a man who intends to get drunk in a hurry. Tentatively, he leaned on the high stool next to Daisy's. She finished her beer and prepared to look accessible.

"All right, Daisy," Jake said. "Skip it. Freddie here is Mr. Weil's boy."

"How do you do?" she said. "I'm Mrs. Bryson's girl."

"Hi," Freddie said. He was no longer a boy, though he could have passed for nineteen and did, professionally. His curly hair and his smooth cheeks and the prep-school clothes made him look younger than he was.

"Skip it, Daisy, I said." Jake turned to Freddie. "How're you keeping?"

"Not so good."

"Daisy," said Jake, "would you believe it? Ten years ago, when this place was a speakeasy and I was nothing but a glorified dishwasher, they used to send me out to chase this kid off the sidewalk in front. His father lives down the block—217. This kid used to bother the customers by opening taxi doors for them. And now he's a top-notch fiddler, right up there with Elman."

"Not quite," Freddie said. "Not by a long shot. I wish you wouldn't introduce me to people that way, Jake. And, just in case you haven't been told, my name is Sergei Korolenko."

"How do you mean, Sergei Korolenko? Since when?"

"Since my teacher changed it. I thought my father must have told you by now. Rosenthal changed my name to Korolenko. He said it would help me in the music business. There's a yarn goes with it, too. My parents had to leave Moscow the time of the revolution and I was born in Paris and that's how come I can't speak Russian."

"But you can't speak French either," Jake said.

"Neither can any of the old ladies in the Beaux Arts Musical Society of Bayfield, N. J. They're my sponsors."

"You on the radio now?"

"No," said Freddie. "They've been paying Rosenthal for my lessons at ten bucks a throw and they bought me my new fiddle. They're all ninety-five years old, and I play for them when they throw a party and sometimes I go to their homes in the afternoon and drink tea."

"Pretty soft," Jake said.

"You think so?"

"Yes," Jake said. "I think so."

"Well, it isn't. Will you give Miss Bryson something to drink?"

"What'll it be?" Jake turned to her.

"Make mine Scotch, too," Daisy said. "Beer chaser. What happened to your old fiddle, Mr. Korolenko?"

"That was no fiddle. What I had was a cigar box with guts on it. But this new one is a Haenel and it's as beautiful as your hands and it cost the witches of Bayfield fourteen hundred smackers."

Jake set out the Scotch and beer. "That's a hell of a way to talk about your benefactors," he said.

"Ninety-five years old, every one of them, except the president. *She* used to embroider wampum around the campfire with Pocahontas. Jake, do you like tea?"

"For fourteen hundred pieces of wampum, I'd drink milk," Jake said.

"But they're getting it back, Jake, taking it right out of my hide. They tricked me, the philanthropic bastards. They pulled a fast one on me so fast I said yes before I knew what I was doing. I'll never live it down, not if I get to live twice as long as Pocahontas's chum. Will you pour me another?"

"Double again?"

Freddie nodded. He drank too fast, and patted Daisy's hand. "My God," he said. "A woman under ninety-five. Doesn't seem possible."

JAKE waited on a couple of attendants from the garage down the block and came back to learn about the fast one pulled by the Beaux Arts Musical Society of Bayfield.

"The trouble," Jake said, "with your type of individual is that you don't know when you're sitting pretty. How would you like to be squatting in a machine-gun nest with a sixty-ton tank charging up the meadow?"

"That's neither here nor there," said Freddie. "Certainly, it isn't here. Here I'm up against something else. Do you want to argue or do you want to listen to me?"

"I want to listen," Daisy said.

Freddie looked at her. "Excuse me," he said. "I'm afraid I've forgotten your full name."

"It's Daisy Bryson," said Jake, "if you'll pardon the expression." He noticed that the boy had got drunk on the two double Scotches and decided not to serve him another. He hoped his old customer Mr. Weil would not wander into the place just then.

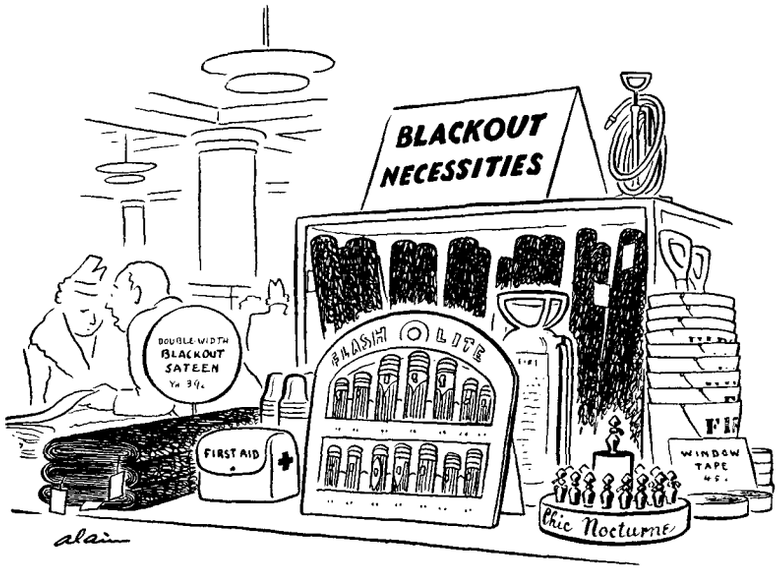
"Well, listen," Freddie said, "both of you. The ladies of Bayfield figured they'd get some of their money back. They rented the Civic Auditorium for this coming Saturday and engaged one of the best orchestras in the country to go into it. And I'm to play solo with them."

"There's a break for you," Jake said.

"A break in the pig's eye. I'm nowhere near good enough to play solo with that orchestra, and the conductor knows it. The ladies of Bayfield forced me on him through his lousy manager. That conductor is going to go out of his way to make me look like something Major Bowes dragged in."

"No, he won't," Jake said. "No real big shot would do a thing like that."

"This one might. I could see by the way he acted at rehearsal this morning. He knows I have no business playing solo with an orchestra of national standing. Don't you see, it's a reflection on him. He's going to break my nerve, that's what he'll do. The noise of my knees knocking together will drown out the brasses. I'm scared."



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"Must be the critic from Women's Wear."

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"No use being scared," Jake said. "You know you're good. You do the best you can and this long-haired wisenheimer won't be able to spoil anything."

"Don't be dumb, Jake. All he'd have to do is cue in a couple of chords too early or too late. Or ignore my phrasing and make the whole thing metronomic."

"Metronomic, eh?"

"At the very first allegro he could rush the tempo so as to throw me off altogether."

"To me," said Daisy, "he sounds like an ornery son of a bitch from way back. Has he really got long hair? I'd like to see a man with long hair."

"I get the idea," Jake said. "They're overmatching you—is that it? Like some manager rushing his boy too fast. Am I right?"

Freddie shook his head. "Don't be dumb, Jake. I got nobody managing me except the weird sisters of Bayfield. They're responsible for everything. You can't blame the conductor. Hell, he's got half a dozen men in his fiddle section better entitled to play solo. His concertmaster played before all the crowned heads of Europe ten years before I was born."

"Ought to be pretty well shot by now," Jake said. "The legs go first."

"I'm scared," Freddie said. One of his eyelids fluttered and he pressed his fist against it. "My face feels like somebody's sticking pins into it. I don't want to

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". . . I have to close now, darling. I'm sorry Army regulations don't permit me to tell you where I am stationed now. Aloha! Jimmy."

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stand up in front of those guys and play the A-major. That's a big concerto."

"Why don't you try playing a little one first and work your way up gradually like?" Daisy asked.

Freddie kept his fist pressed against his left eye. "You're nice," he said. "What did you say your name was?"

"Daisy."

"Ever hear this one?" He began to sing in a low voice:

I had a girl and her name was Daisy
And when she sang the cat went crazy.
One day she sang a song about
A man who turned himself inside out
And jumped into the river.
He was so very sleepy . . .

He mumbled the last two lines.

Jake said, "Why don't you go home, kid, take it easy?"

" 'There's many a man killed on the railroad,' " sang Freddie, " 'and cast in a lonely grave.' Daisy, don't you know any songs?"

"Sure," she said. She finished her chaser and cleared her throat. "Get this:

Cigarettes will spoil your life,
Ruin your health, and kill your baby,
Poor little innocent child . . .

Ain't that sad?" she added.

"You're awful nice," Freddie said. "I don't want to drink any more of this stuff. Can I go home with you now?"

"Sure thing."

"No," Jake said.

"Well, I like that," said Daisy. "What's got into you, Jake?"

"He can't go, that's all. Why don't you go home to your own place, kid? You're a big shot. You don't want to be fooling around with Daisy."

"Yes, I do." He took his wallet out, still rubbing his eyes with one hand.

"Now, Jake," Daisy said. "What's good enough for his father is good enough for him. Don't you think so, Mr. Korolenko?"

"You're awful nice," Freddie said.

Jake looked at them and shrugged. He took Freddie's wallet and put everything it contained, except one five-dollar bill, in an envelope.

"You can come and pick this up tomorrow morning," he said.

"What the hell, Jake!" said Daisy. "You never knew me to roll one of your customers."

"Take him by the arm," Jake said. "I don't want him passing out in here."

DAISY BRYSON took Freddie's arm and they went out. Freddie drew a deep breath of the cold air and shuddered. "All these old women want their money back," he said. "They wouldn't want me to be spending it on any young women. I got to play Saturday or they'll take my fiddle back. Jesus, I'm scared."

"Don't be scared, boy," Daisy said. "A hot cup of coffee will fix you up. There's nothing this long-haired son of a bitch can do will hurt you. A hot cup of coffee and a good night's rest is all you need." —EDWARD NEWHOUSE

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the United States Government Manual, issued by the United States Information Service*]

The plans further provided that the Administrator of Civil Aeronautics, whose functions shall be administered under the direction and supervision of the Secretary of Commerce, and the Civil Aeronautics Board shall constitute the Civil Aeronautics Authority. However, the Civil Aeronautics Authority performs no functions; all its responsibilities are discharged by either the Civil Aeronautics Administration or the Civil Aeronautics Board.

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5135 KENSINGTON

FEBRUARY, 1904

AGNES and Tootie Smith sat on the bed in their mother's room and watched her as she dressed. She was wearing a starched white corset cover and a white petticoat with ruffles. She leaned over and started brushing her hair vigorously, drawing the brush from the nape of her neck to the ends of her hair.

"You haven't got so much hair, have you?" Agnes said. "You should wear a switch. Mrs. Johnson wears a switch. She had it made from her own combings."

"Your father wouldn't hear of it," Mrs. Smith said. She twisted her hair into a soft knot on the top of her head and fastened it with brown bone hairpins. Then she took a box of powder from the top bureau drawer and brushed her face and neck lightly with a down puff. "It's only rice powder," she said. "Just so I won't look too shiny. Now, Agnes, if you'll powder my back."

Agnes got up from the bed and took the puff. "It smells heavenly," she said. "Like violets." She patted her mother's round, pretty shoulders with the puff and smoothed the powder gently over her back.

"And remember," Mrs. Smith said, "you two are to be in bed before the curfew tonight. And mind what Rose tells you. Esther can wash you, Tootie, and Rose can wash Agnes."

"Well," Agnes said, "I must say I'd rather have Esther. At least she washes hard and gets it over with. Rose is awful."

"She's horrible," Tootie agreed. "She gets the washcloth dripping wet and just pats your face with it. The water runs down all over everything."

"Never mind all that," Mrs. Smith said. "Do as I tell you." She opened her jewel case and took out her diamond earrings.

"Your earrings!" Tootie gasped.

"I'm only wearing them to please your father," Mrs. Smith said. "If you ask me, I think they're a little too showy. Not that this isn't an *occasion*—Mrs. Truman's china wedding."

Tootie's eyes opened wide. "Her China wedding!" She looked at her mother sharply. "I hope we never have a China wedding in *this* house."

"My china wedding will be in a few months," her mother said. "Not that I intend to make any fuss over it."

Tootie looked horror-stricken. "I think we're all right the way we are." Her eyes filled with tears. "*Every* time we get so we are all right the way we are, somebody wants to butt in. Old buttinskies! What will Papa say?"

"What will Papa say?" her mother asked. "I don't know what you mean. What has Papa *to* say about it? It's a custom, that's all."

"He's the father in this house, isn't he? He's the one who goes to work and brings home all the money. I guess he has a right to say. What are we going to do with Papa? And where are we going to put *him?* He can't have Grandpa's room. Grandpa would go right off his head. Remember how he acted when Rose and Esther burned the incense? What do you think he's going to say when there's nothing but incense around here? Besides, I couldn't tell Helen Ferris. She'd die."

"Couldn't tell her *what?*" Mrs. Smith asked.

"Couldn't tell her that you had to marry a Chinaman," Tootie said.

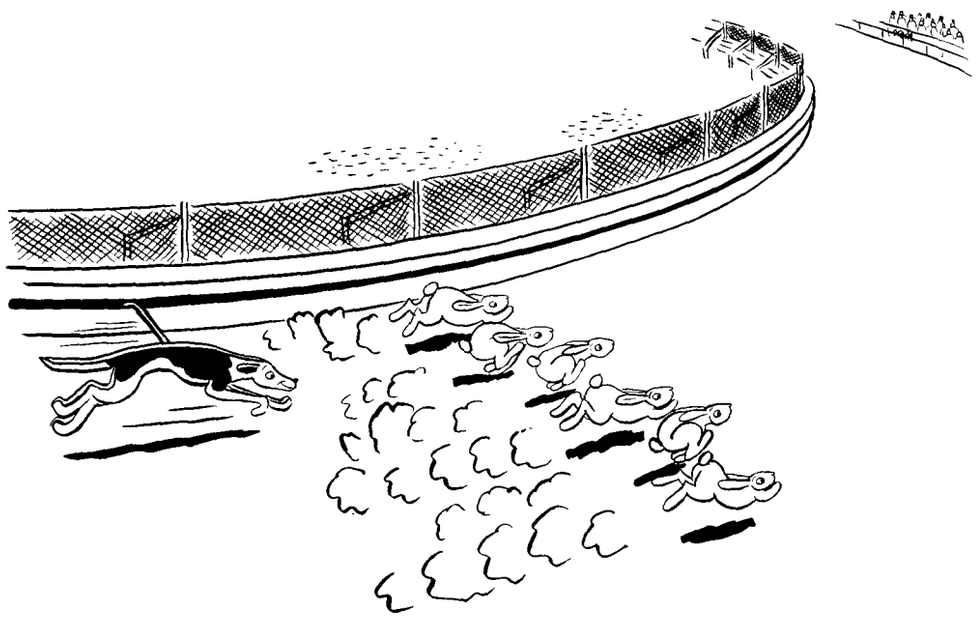
Mrs. Smith leaned against the bureau and laughed. "Tootie, Tootie," she said. "I'm not going to marry a Chinaman. A china wedding is a sort of celebration that you give on your wedding anniversary when you have been married a number of years. And all your friends give you china."

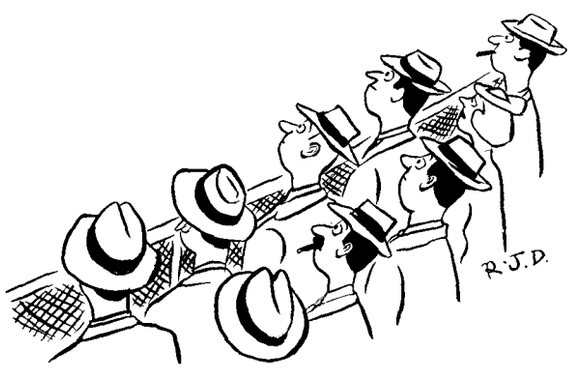
"Oh," Tootie said. "Then I'll save my money and buy you something made of china. I would rather be poor than have you getting rid of Papa."

Mrs. Smith went to the closet and took out a dress. It was carefully covered with an old sheet, and the two little girls knew it was the dress Aunt Emma had sent their mother from Paris. It was made of shell-pink satin covered with black lace.

"Can I hook you up in it this time?" Tootie asked.

Mrs. Smith stepped into the dress, so that she wouldn't muss her hair. "I think Agnes better do it," she said. "She's older and her little fingers are quicker than yours." Agnes shot Tootie a triumphant glance and set to work on the innumerable hooks and eyes. While her dress was being fastened, Mrs. Smith fished in the bureau drawer and brought out a pink





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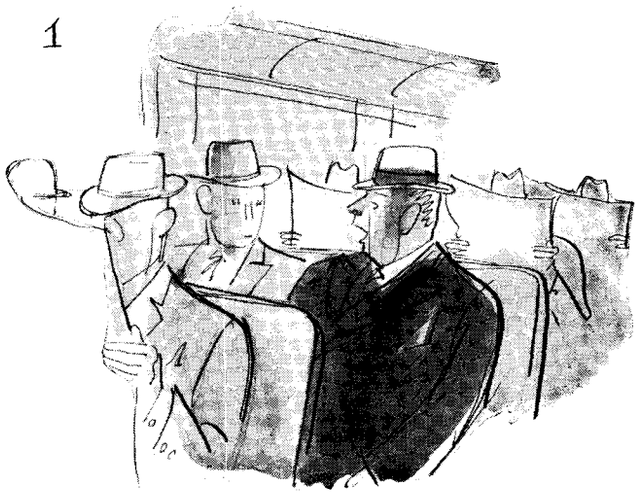

"I hadn't seen one till the other day myself. The wife picked up a couple in some place on Sixth Avenue.

"It's pretty tricky—it looks like a fountain pen and has a clip so you can carry it in your vest pocket.

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lipstick enclosed in shiny cardboard. She looked at it dubiously for a moment, then began to use it lightly. "My lips chap so," she murmured. When the dress was fastened she stood back and looked at herself in the mirror. She looked young, pretty, and shining. "Now, Tootie," she said, "you can open the Jicky bottle."

Tootie got down from the bed and walked over to the bureau. There was something ceremonial in the way she handled the perfume bottle and took out the glass stopper. Her mother touched the stopper lightly to her dress and hair. And then, tipping the bottle, holding her finger over the opening until it was wet with perfume, she brushed it lightly through Agnes' soft brown hair. Tootie stood silently by until her mother, repeating the familiar action, ran her hand through her short curls.

Agnes rubbed her head against her mother's dress. "I wish you looked this way all the time," she said.

THERE were steps in the upstairs hall and a knock at the door. "Come in," Mrs. Smith called. The door opened and Mr. Smith and Grandpa Prophater came in. They were in full evening dress and carried opera hats folded under their arms. They looked at Mrs. Smith admiringly, and she turned away, straightening the things on her bureau so that they wouldn't notice that she was blushing.

"The hack is here, Annie," Grandpa Prophater said.

"I'm ready," she said. The others stood aside as she swept from the room, her skirts rustling, her earrings sparkling.

Mr. Smith, breathing in the smell of Jicky as she passed, noticed the house dress that she had worn all day hanging across the back of a chair. It was a dull thing and he snatched it from the chair and, opening the closet, threw it rudely on the floor. "Damn it all," he said. Then he followed his wife down the stairs.

Grandpa Prophater took Agnes and Tootie by the hand. "It's a fine thing to be rich," he said.

They looked at him with bright, shining eyes. "Oh, yes!" they said.

When Grandpa Prophater and the two children reached the downstairs hall, Mrs. Smith, her sealskin cape thrown around her shoulders, was saying to Rose and Esther, "And remember, just because we are all going out and it's Katie's day off, you are not to run wild. I don't want to see any of the boys here when we get home, even if tomorrow is Saturday. And you don't have to feed those boys until they burst. They've had their dinner and all they will want is a little light supper. How many are coming?"

"Six," Esther said. "And we won't be making any noise, because we are merely going to run through the score of 'Cavalleria Rusticana.'"

"Run through it?" Rose said. "Why, we haven't gotten past the Siciliana. And we're just going to feed them Welsh rarebit and some pickles, candy, dates, and cider. And we thought, if you didn't mind, we might make some pralines in the chafing dish."

"Very well," Mrs. Smith said.

Mr. Smith glanced at his watch. "It's after eight," he said.

Mrs. Smith gave a frantic look at her four girls. "I don't like to go and leave you all alone," she said.

Agnes' eyes slowly filled with tears. "Goodbye," she said, hugging her mother wildly.

Mrs. Smith stooped and whispered in her ear. "I'll bring you something. Decorated mints or some little thing."

"Here," Esther said. "Here's the vase. I bet nobody else will bring such a lovely present. Ten dollars is a *lot* for a vase."

As her father, mother, and grandfather moved toward the door, Tootie began to sing loudly:

Brighten the corner where you are,
Brighten the corner where you are,
Someone far from Harvard you can guide
across the bar,
Brighten the corner where you are.

"Don't let her keep on that way," Mrs. Smith said. "She gets much too excited."

THE four girls stood with their arms around one another as they watched their parents and Grandpa Prophater get into the hack. "Two horses!" Agnes said. "They've got two horses. Don't they look *stylish!*" They watched until the hack moved up the street and out of sight. Then Esther turned briskly. "Now, you two," she said. "You can begin getting ready for bed."

"I'm going to stay up until *just* before the curfew," Tootie said firmly. "Mamma told me simply to be in bed before the curfew."

"So am I," Agnes said.

"Look," Rose said. "Suppose you get

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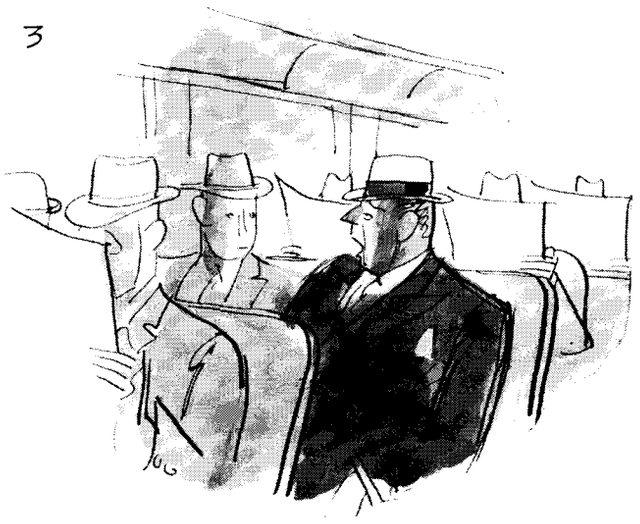
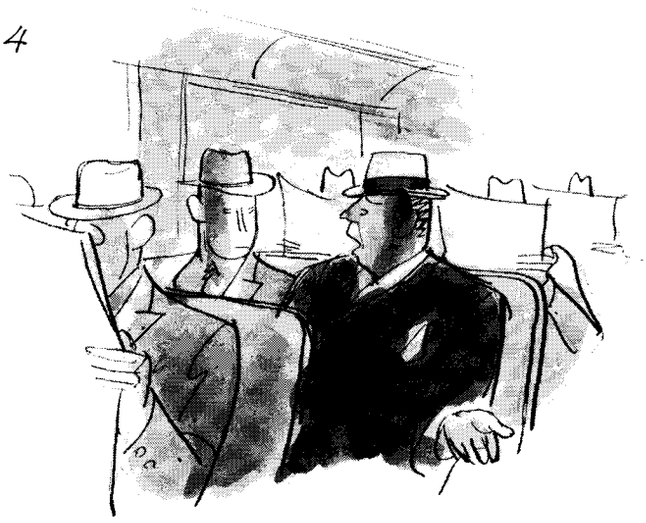


"The batteries are only a dime, or three for a quarter.



"The glass tip is red and it gives off a red light so that you don't have to bother shading it.

"But wait a minute—

"I've got one right here in my pocket."

• •

undressed, and Esther and I will light a lovely fire in the gas grate, and after we wash you we'll bring you up something to eat."

"What?" Agnes asked.

Rose looked meaningly at Esther. "Some fudge," she said. "And some stuffed dates and some cider."

"I like Welsh rabbit," Tootie said. She moved closer to Agnes and set her mouth.

"Don't be utterly absurd," Esther said. "We won't even begin to make the Welsh rarebit until you're sound asleep."

"I can't promise to go to sleep," Agnes said. "Remember the time Mamma went downtown all day and I sat on the front steps waiting for her?"

"I remember," Rose said. Her voice was grim. "And I also remember that you got a good whaling for it."

Agnes looked thoughtfully at a spot over Rose's head and then turned to face Tootie. "I'll tell you what we can do," she said. "We can go up and get ready for bed. We can even get *in* bed."

They walked upstairs arm in arm. As they went into their room, they heard the doorbell ring and the sound of voices.

"It's George Briggs and Alex Harper and that horrible Fred," Agnes said. "Let's look over the banisters when that Fred begins to act foolish." She sat down on the floor and started to unbutton her shoes.

Tootie walked toward the mantelpiece and took a match from a container. She scraped it across the trousers of the figure of a Dutch boy on the wall. The body of the figure was made of gaily painted tin, but the trousers were made of sandpaper, and across the upper part of them there was a verse, which read:

> Don't scratch matches on the walls,
> Scratch them on my overalls.

"Let's scratch a lot of matches before we turn on the gas grate," Tootie said.

Agnes stood up in her stocking feet and took a handful of matches. For a while she and Tootie lighted match after match and watched as the flames flared up and burned dangerously near their fingers. Their movements were slow and deliberate, as though they were hypnotized. Finally Agnes sighed. "I sup-

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pose we'd better light the grate now," she said.

Tootie turned the handle and Agnes held a match to one of the slits in the asbestos. A small, blue flame showed and then, in a burst, the entire grate glowed blue and yellow. The two children sat down in front of it and pulled off their clothes. When they were naked they sat with their backs to the fire, their arms folded around their knees. After a while Agnes got up, walked across the room, and looked at Tootie's doll, which was lying in its carriage. "I tell you what," she said. "Margaretha might get galloping consumption."

"She could," Tootie agreed. "But not bad."

"No, not bad," Agnes said. "Just bad enough to wrap her up all warm and put her in a box and hang her out the window by a string."

Downstairs the doorbell rang again, and Agnes and Tootie could hear a louder sound of voices now. They took Margaretha from her carriage, and Tootie felt her head. "She's burning up," she said.

"We'd better get her in the box quick," Agnes said. "I've got a box. We can punch holes in the top so she'll get plenty of good, fresh air."

They undressed Margaretha tenderly and wrapped her in bits of soft flannel and laid her in a candy box, which Agnes pulled out from under the bed. Then, fastening a string around the box, they lowered it carefully down from the window until it bumped gently against the top of the living-room window.

"I guess she'll be worse tomorrow," Tootie said. "And we'll have to do something more."

HEARING the sound of the piano below, Tootie and Agnes opened their door and stood listening in the doorway. Esther was singing:

Oh, Lola, with thy cheeks redder than berries,
Brow with a flush ever more glowing,
Lips that were made to kiss like ripening cherries,
Thanks should be given to Heaven for their bestowing.

"Do you like it?" Agnes asked.

"Yes, I like it," Tootie said. "I can sing it, too. Let's creep down halfway and look at them."

"I think we should put on our nightgowns, just in case," Agnes said.

Slipping their nightdresses over their heads, they tiptoed softly to the stair landing. Rose was sitting at the piano, and standing beside her was Esther, a red bow in her black hair. Her head was thrown back and her dimples showed as she sang. The hall was filled with pipe smoke, and six young men were sitting on the floor around the piano.

George Briggs was the first to hear the creaking of the stairs. He looked up toward the landing and cleared his throat. "Miss Rose," he said, "there are mice in this house. Two of them."

Rose turned abruptly on the piano stool. "Tootie and Agnes!" she cried. "I forgot all about them. They're supposed to be in bed."

"Well, as long as they aren't in bed, they might as well come down," George said.

Agnes and Tootie gave delighted screams and ran down the stairs.

"They're in their nightgowns," Esther gasped. "Really!"

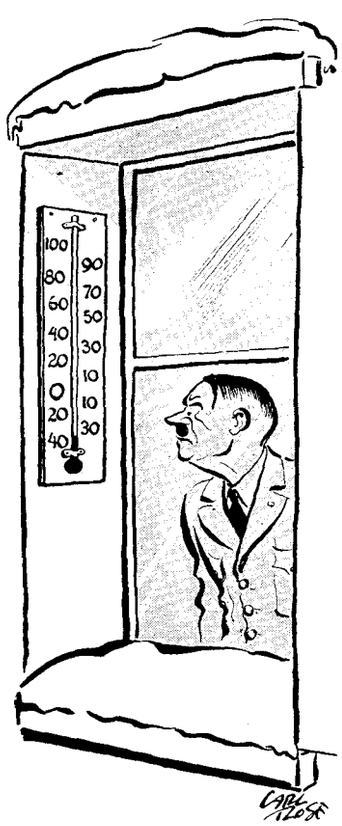
'So they are," Alex Harper agreed.

Tootie ran quickly to George Briggs and caught his arm. "I want to sing, too," she said.

"Very well, dear," Rose said calmly. She turned to George with a little shrug. "She sings quite sweetly, you know. What would you like to sing, Tootie? 'Baby's Boat's the Silver Moon' or 'Have You Ever Seen a Rabbit Climb a Tree'?"

Agnes edged in between Alex Harper and the hall table, on which sat a platter of fudge. She reached up and took four pieces.

"I don't like those songs," Tootie said. "I'm tired of them. I think I'll sing a song Lon taught me. He learned it at Princeton. And he taught it to me when he came home for Christmas. I've never sung it here before. Just for some people on the street, once."



"Well, you can't sing it," Rose said flatly. "I don't know the music."

"I can sing it without the music," Tootie said. "I always have."

"I don't think you'd better, Tootie dear," Rose said. "Now that you've seen George, why don't you and Agnes run upstairs. Esther and I will be right up to wash your faces and tuck you in your bed." She smiled at George. "Our maid is out, you know."

"And we'll bring you up a nice little supper," Esther said. "And you can eat it in *bed*. Won't that be fun?"

"The song begins 'I was *hmm* last night, dear Mother,' " Tootie said.

The young men laughed. "Go on, Tootie," George said. "Stand up there and sing it loud. It seems to me I've heard it before."

"Well, I haven't," Rose said. "And I wouldn't encourage her if I were you. There are times when she gets as bold as brass and there's no stopping her."

Tootie moved away from George and stood in the space between the portières that hung in the doorway to the living room. She bowed and for a moment looked frightened. But when she began to sing everything went out of her head but the tune and the words of the song she sang:

I was drunk last night, dear Mother.
I was drunk the night before.
But if you'll forgive me, Mother,
I'll never get drunk any more.

Rose and Esther stared at her, stunned. Agnes let the fudge dissolve slowly in her mouth and looked at Tootie with admiration. Then Esther ran and picked up Tootie in her arms. "You bad girl!" she cried. "You bad girl!" She began to laugh. "It's really Lon's fault," she said to Rose.

Agnes got up and pushed her way toward Tootie. "I can dance," she said. "I can do the cakewalk."

"And I can play it," Rose said. She turned around on the piano stool again.

"Here, give her my hat," Fred Raleigh said.

Agnes stood beating time to the music with her bare feet, and then, throwing the upper part of her body backward, she twirled the hat in her hand and stepped out stiffly across the room.

George Briggs leaned over Rose's shoulders as she played. "They're smart, those two," he said.

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Rose turned to look at Agnes as she strutted back and forth across the room. "I suppose they are," she said.

IT was almost half past ten, and Tootie had sung her entire repertoire of songs and Agnes had danced until her hair was moist with perspiration, when Rose led them upstairs. "I was drunk last night, dear Mother!" Tootie shouted when she reached the landing, and was gratified by a round of applause.

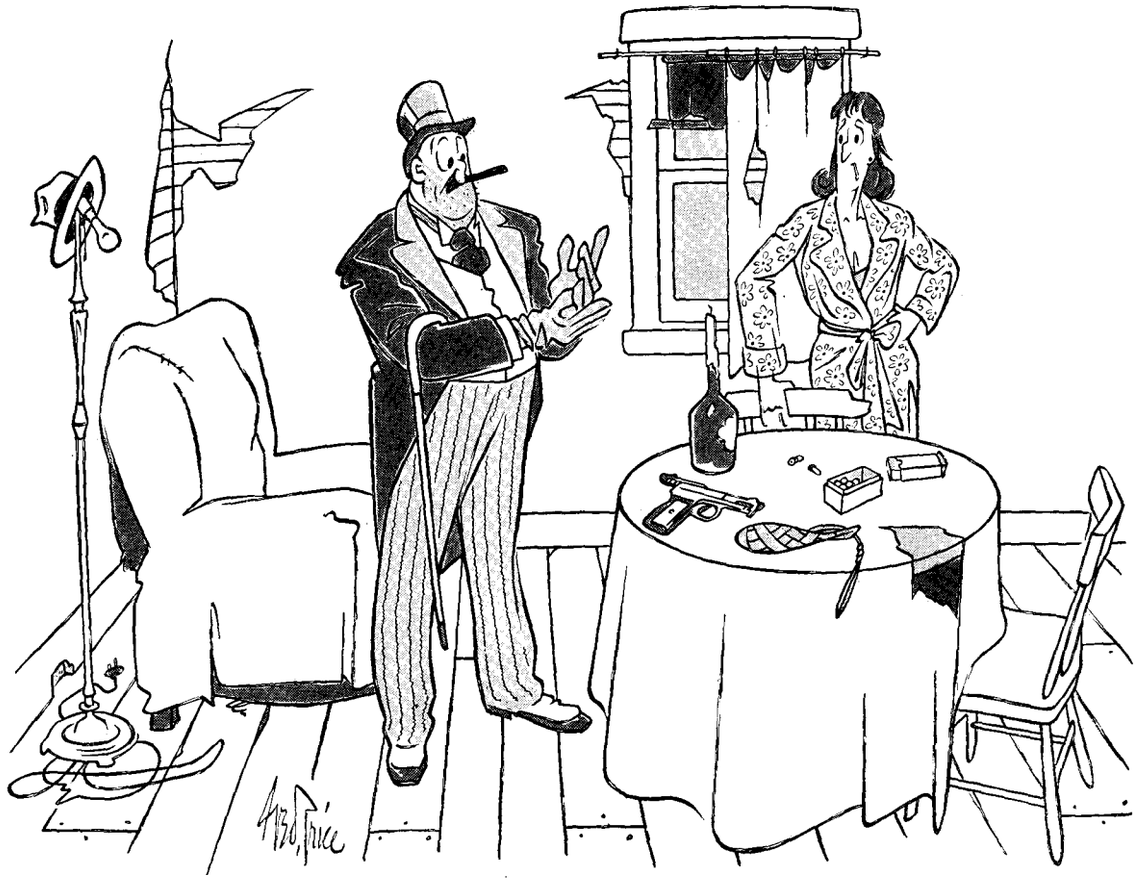
"Here," Rose said. "Just run in and wash your own faces with plain water, and we'll be up with some food."

In the bathroom, Agnes let the water run slowly over her hands and Tootie patted her face with a damp washcloth. Then they went into their own room, which was hot from the fire in the gas grate. They kneeled down to say their prayers. "I think I'll say all my prayers," Tootie said. "I think I'll say 'Hail Mary,' 'Our Father,' and 'Now I Lay Me.'"

"I'll just say 'Our Father,'" Agnes said. "I've had a good enough time. I think I better save the others until I really need them. If you say them every day, all of them, you haven't anything for extra when you want something." She clasped her hands and looked up at the ceiling. The soles of her feet were dirty, but her face was pure and delicate. Tootie bowed her head.

"Don't do that," Agnes said sharply. "Lon says when you bow your head, you're praying to the devil. You have to keep your eyes up to heaven."

As the two little girls finished their prayers, Esther came into the room with two plates. Three small pickles, three stuffed dates, a piece of fudge, and a glass of cider were on each plate. "Now eat this and go to sleep," she said. "We have to make the Welsh rarebit and get the boys out of here before Papa and Mamma show up. You can't tell. They might come home early." She turned off the gas grate and went out, closing the door behind her.



"I may be a little late for dinner—I'm going to case Tiffany's."

"While we eat," Tootie said, "tell me a story."

Agnes bit into a pickle. It tasted fresh and sharp after the fudge she had eaten. "All right," she said. "Once upon a time there was a madman. Now, first I have to explain that the only way you can keep a madman quiet is to look him straight in the eyes and sing to him. . . ."

AT a quarter to twelve the boys said goodbye, and Esther and Rose carried the used plates into the kitchen. "Imagine George giving me his cute little fraternity pin," Rose said. "I'm going to pin it on my fob with the others."

"I don't know when I've had such a good time," Esther said. "I'm still cold with joy."

Agnes, hearing the front door close, climbed out of bed and went to the head of the back stairs. "Rose!" she called. "Tootie can't get to sleep."

"Can't get to sleep!" Rose exclaimed. "What are *we* going to do?"

"I don't know," Agnes said. "I've been telling her stories and telling her stories, and she just can't go to sleep."

"Did you bounce her in bed?" Esther asked. "That usually does it."

"Yes," Rose said. "I think we'd better go up and bounce her before Mamma gets home."

They ran up the stairs and Agnes led the way into the bedroom, where Tootie was sitting up in bed, bright-eyed. "Now I'm going to turn off the light, Tootie," Esther said, "and you lie down and we'll bounce you a little." Agnes crept back into bed and Esther sat at the foot, shaking the bed gently.

"You'd better do it harder," Agnes said. "When you do it a little bit she gets sick. But if you bounce her hard enough to send her up in the air she gets tired and goes to sleep."

"All right," Rose said. She leaned over the bed, her hands resting on the side of the mattress. "Here we go!"

At the first bounce, Tootie's small body shot up in the air. She gasped and began to laugh a little hysterically. As Rose and Esther bounced her harder, they giggled and panted. And every now and then one of them would fall across the bed, gasping for air. Then

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"I know you'll all be thrilled to hear that we are now working hand in hand with the F.B.I."

• •

suddenly Tootie cried, "Rose! I think I'm going to be sick!"

In a flash, Rose had grabbed her and carried her to the bathroom. A little later, Rose came back into the bedroom with Tootie, pale and exhausted, in her arms. Esther smoothed the bed and Rose laid Tootie down gently.

"It's funny," Agnes said. "*I* feel fine."

"I feel fine, too," Tootie said. "It was only for a while I didn't."

Down the street they heard the sound of horses' hoofs. "They're coming!" Rose cried. "Quick! Close your eyes! And we'll go into our room and shut the door. Thank Heaven, our light isn't on."

THE house was very still when Mrs. Smith came in the front door. "Well," she said, "they're actually in bed."

"They left the lights on," Grandpa Prophater said. He started to turn them off one by one.

Mrs. Smith opened the door to the kitchen and glanced in. "They didn't wash the dishes," she said. "I really think I should clean up and not leave that mess for Katie in the morning."

"Come to bed, Anna, and stop fussing," Mr. Smith said. He put his arm around her, and they walked up the stairs and tiptoed across the hall to their own room.

Grandpa Prophater went into the kitchen and shuddered at what he saw. Pans stood soaking in the sink and a few dirty dishes were set carelessly on the kitchen table. As he reached up to turn out the light, there was a ring at the front doorbell. It was a steady, urgent ring.

Upstairs, Mrs. Smith started. "Who can that be at this hour of the night?" she said. "I hope there's been no accident." She opened the door leading into the hall and listened. "Father's talking to someone. Why, it sounds like Mr. Trask, the night watchman!"

Mr. Smith came over and stood beside her. He had taken off his coat and trousers. They waited nervously until Grandpa Prophater came up the stairs. He carried a box, a candy box, with holes punched in the top.

"Why, what is it?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"Trask saw the box hanging from an upstairs window," Grandpa Prophater said. "He thought it might be a sneak thief lowering his loot down to a pal. He climbed up on the window sill and took the box down. And when we opened it, we found *this*." He held the box out toward them and lifted the top. They all stared down at Margaretha, who lay peacefully, with her wax eyelids closed.

Mrs. Smith walked across the hall and went into the children's room. Agnes' and Tootie's eyes were closed and their breathing was regular. She tucked the covers in at the side of their bed and tiptoed out again. "I can't imagine what made them do that," she said. "Tootie loves Margaretha. She usually wants to sleep with her. And their room is so warm that it smells funny."

Grandpa Prophater set the box down on his daughter's bed. "Well, Annie," he said, "I gave Trask a dollar for his trouble."

"You shouldn't have done that, Father," Mrs. Smith said. "After all, we do *pay* him to watch the house."

Grandpa Prophater's eyes were bright. "I've always found it expedient to keep on the right side of the police," he said.

—SALLY BENSON

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The film starts on a conventional enough note. A pretty model is murdered.—*Howard Barnes in the Herald Tribune.*

Damn the conventions!

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PROFILES

A WAY OF LIFE

IT was a Dartmouth ski instructor who coined the feverish aphorism "Skiing is a way of life." Undoubtedly this is a little too sweeping, though in justice it must be admitted that for a *Skimeister* talking about skiing, he was not being unusually high-flown. Hannes Schneider, however, is one man to whom these words are literally applicable; skiing *is* the way of his life, no question about it. Schneider is the originator of skiing as this generation knows it. Before the popularization of the Arlberg technique (named after the Tyrolian hamlet of St. Anton am Arlberg, where from 1919 until the *Anschluss* Schneider maintained his famous school) there were, to be sure, people who used skis, but they found it as perilous and uninviting a sport as bicycling cross-country without a coaster brake. The deep crouch characteristic of modern skiing is Schneider's invention; before that skiers slid downhill grandly erect, hoping they wouldn't fall. Schneider was also the first man to perfect a turn which was equally revolutionary, the stem-christiania, to supersede the old-fashioned turn called the Telemark, in which hardy athletes took corners on too steep slopes in a flurry of churned-up snow and snapping anklebones.

However, there would today be no ski-equipment department at Abercrombie & Fitch or Saks, no weekend snow planes out of LaGuardia Field, if Schneider had merely discovered a way of negotiating the headlong slopes of the Tyrolian Alps at no great personal risk. The important thing is that he learned how to teach it, painlessly and with a high degree of efficiency. When he started out as a teacher in the Austrian Tyrol, there was only a handful of ski instructors, and they had no particular method. "*So macht man es*" ("That's the way you do it"), they would say to their pupils, performing a turn. Singlehanded, Schneider raised ski instruction to a point where it was feasible for the Austrian government to give written examinations in the subject. He developed exercises for beginners based on the "snowplow" and the "snowplow turn," in which the skis are toed in to form a V. The current furor among skiers over the teaching method of Ernest Loosli, of the Château Frontenac, in which the snowplow turn and the snowplow are dispensed with, is a left-handed tribute to Schneider. Schneider's method is so firmly established that it is possible to make a career of defying it.

Schneider is now *Skimeister* at the Eastern Slope Ski School, at North Conway, New Hampshire. A refugee, he has fared better than many of his countrymen. The school is owned, and run as a kind of hobby, by Harvey Gibson, president of the Manufacturers Trust Company, who helped Schneider get out of Austria before the war started. Schneider draws a modest salary and is able to show his sponsor a satisfactory return. Schneider, whose wife died a year ago, lives with his son, Herbert, and his daughter, Herta, in a frame house on Grove Street, North Conway, next door to Father Belford, the parish priest. Father Belford has adopted the Tyrolian custom of blessing his flock's skis once every year, and Schneider has relaxed his old-country principles to the extent of giving ski instructions on Sunday. He never did this in the Arlberg.

On the ski slopes, Schneider is now assisted by his son, half a dozen instructors whom he trained in the Tyrol, and some promising North Conway boys, mostly under draft age. He has got over being appalled at the American notion that the whole trick of skiing can be mastered in one weekend, but he still maintains the iron discipline that characterized the Arlberg school. A pupil who shows up late for a morning session is told, with severe politeness, "I think better you come again this afternoon. No?" He rarely speaks to pupils while they are on the skiing slopes, confining his activities to supervising the instructors, but occasionally, in the lobby of the Eastern Slope Inn, he will single out some novice for a friendly word. "You see, it is better the knees to bend. No?" The pupils, born and bred in the national tradition of inferiority to athletic coaches, love it.

Schneider tactfully conducts his social life with the fact in mind that in North Conway he is still somewhat a "foreigner." But with his tall, slightly stooped figure, his sun-browned, aquiline face, and his grizzled hair, he fits well into the New Hampshire scene. He has learned to play golf, he drives a Dodge, and he drinks quantities of canned fruit juices. Although the government has ruled that Austrians are not enemy aliens, his naturalization was interrupted by our entrance into the war, on the technical ground that he came into the country on a post-*Anschluss* German passport. For the moment, at least, even when he or one of his foreign-born instructors merely wants to make a lengthy ski run which takes them out of the township, they have to notify the authorities. The main reason Schneider regrets his ambiguous status is that he would like to volunteer as an instructor of ski troops.

Hannes Schneider

SCHNEIDER was born fifty-one years ago in Stuben am Arlberg, a village of fifty-six inhabitants. His father owned a dozen or so head of cattle and grew potatoes. "Even now I can eat potatoes three meals a day," Schneider says. His parents planned to apprentice him to a cheesemaker. All that was changed by the fact that he saw a pair of skis just about as early as he saw the inside of a dairy. Next door to the Schneider home was an inn which took in city people who from time to time came up to try skiing in the mountains. The villagers thought they were touched in the head. For sport, the natives hunted chamois, and they considered skis, which had been introduced in the Alps by visiting Norwegians only a few years before, manifestly unsafe. Little Hannes got a bad case of hero worship, however, and hung around the visitors. "From Vienna, from Salzburg they come," he recalls. "Students, professors, army officers from the great world outside, and to me they are like gods. Sometimes I stop outside the inn and just reverently touch the skis. Other times I listen while they talk around

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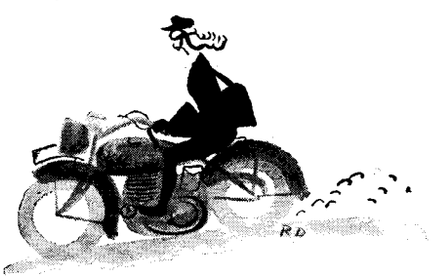
the big tile stove indoors. Always the skiers they argue. I am aware there is some kind of a fight going on."

Hannes soon understood that most of the arguments were about whether skiing, a sport that is believed to have originated on the comparatively gentle hills of Norway, could ever be adapted to the choppy, precipitous Alpine country. An Austrian Army officer named Mathias Zdarsky had written a highly theoretical book to prove that it could, and the city people were sustaining all sorts of contusions in the course of testing his theories. Hannes fashioned himself a pair of skis out of wood begged from the local sled-maker, made toe irons out of an old sieve, and practiced in the moonlight by himself until he was a pretty fair skier. By the time he was twelve, he was the best in his village, and the people who came up from the cities to ski took an interest in him. One of them, a serious skier named Victor Sohm, taught him the Norwegian technique, and he won every formal competition he entered.

A race he won at the nearby village of Bödele bei Dornbirn decided his future when he was only seventeen. A group of enthusiasts from Les Avants, in Switzerland, offered him three francs a day to go there as instructor, and a somewhat similar offer was made by the Hotel Post in St. Anton am Arlberg. Schneider, after dutifully consulting his parents, decided to go to St. Anton, because it was just over the pass from his native village and because the Austrian pay was a bit higher. In December, 1907, he crossed the mountains to St. Anton, a place he was to make famous all over the world.

At first, Schneider hardly earned his small salary. Winter visitors were few, pupils fewer, and as a result he spent a good deal of time skiing by himself. One day, after taking a couple of particularly nasty falls, Schneider, without thinking much about it, finished the rest of his run in a deep crouch. This, of course, had the effect of lowering his centre of gravity, and no more falls resulted. He tried the crouch again the next day, and this time discovered what was apparently a new way to turn. This turn, refined, is today's stem-christiania, one of the distinguishing features of the Schneider technique.

For over a year Schneider practiced his new technique under all possible conditions. In the *Bierstube* of the Hotel Post, he analyzed it with his mentor, Victor Sohm. Finally, in the winter of 1910, he came out into the open with it, entering several of the big slalom competitions. (Slaloms are what you see in newsreels—racing against time on downhill courses staked out so that the skiers are compelled to make a series of sharp turns.) His rivals, who had laughed when Schneider sat down, or nearly sat down, on his skis, were mortified and amazed when he carried off first place in every slalom.



AFTER this, Schneider's way was clear. More and more pupils came to St. Anton am Arlberg to learn the sensational new technique. Schneider now had the problem of learning how to teach them. The "*So macht man es*" system was repugnant to his orderly mind, and he gradually developed his own method. "I told myself," he says, "that I would make each pupil learn the fundamentals properly. Then he would by himself become a good skier. First we make control, then style. Then speed will come by itself." The acid

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

The brunt [of the new tax] will be borne by the middle brackets.
—*The Times.*

I'm a middle-bracket person with a middle-bracket spouse
And we live together gaily in a middle-bracket house.
We've a fair-to-middling family; we take the middle view;
So we're manna sent from heaven to Internal Revenue.

We're the pride of every sector.
We're the darlings of the land.
To the income-tax collector
We extend a helping hand.
For the poor have empty pockets
And the rich bewail the Day,
But the middle-bracket patriots
Are steady with their pay.

When there's duty to accomplish, it's our duty that we do.
Though the world is in a muddle, we contrive to muddle through.
We are first in all the battles as we're first in every peace,
And we lead the van devoutly when the levies must increase.

The upper brackets, nightly,
Have dreams of What's Beyond,
And to their bosoms tightly
They clutch the taxless bond.
The cheerful lower brackets
Get coupons from the gov.,
But the people in the middle
Own the legislature's love.

Oh, we reimburse the dentist and we meet the butcher bills.
We're the folk who keep the temples up, along the templed hills.
We are sturdy as to shoulder and our collars all are white.
So the income-tax department keeps us forming to the right.

Then sing a song of sixpence
And ninety billions more.
Hum a ballad for the wolf
That hangs about the door.
But chant a pretty ditty
Until the welkin rings
For the middle-bracket citizens
Who bear the brunt of things.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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"For God's sake, who opened that window?"

test of this theory came during the first World War. Hannes, who was serving with the Austrian Army on the Russian front, was transferred to a plateau two and a half miles up among the glaciers on the Italian frontier. He and one assistant were put in charge of a hundred and twenty artillerymen, with instructions to make skiers of them. Each took sixty men and applied the St. Anton system. From the point of view of a *Skimeister*, this pupil-teacher relation was ideal, since the pupils were under military discipline. "In private courses the wishes of the pupil must be considered somewhat," Schneider points out in recalling this golden moment. At any rate, after three weeks of instruction, the artillerymen were all doing stem-christies on a twenty-eight-degree slope while carrying full packs. Schneider had a bad moment when several staff officers descended upon him, having heard that he was disregarding the Army instruction code for teaching skiing; the results, however, were so plainly satisfactory that he was let off without a court-martial.

After the war the great European ski vogue began with the rush of an Alpine snowslide. Schneider returned to St. Anton, married his childhood sweetheart, the daughter of the town roadmaster, borrowed $400, built himself a house, and started his own ski school. Seven years later he had twenty-four assistant instructors, all of them village boys, and with them was giving four hundred lessons a day. St. Anton, with its enormous transient population of skiers, was like an E. Phillips Oppenheim dream. Kings, maharajas, princes, and American millionaires and their womenfolk, gorgeously dressed for their adventure with the great outdoors, lined up every day for their beginners' lessons. One of Schneider's present instructors remembers hearing him mutter, as he surveyed a new class, "*Guten Morgen*, Chanel, Patou, Houbigant, Caron . . ."

Classes began at ten in the morning,

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on the dot. If a pupil was late, he lost his lesson; if an instructor was late, he lost his day's pay. If a duke skied before his turn, his peasant instructor dressed him down sharply. New pupils were judged on ability and assigned to classes by Schneider, who permitted no quarrelling with his decisions. "I can tell by the way they walk toward me carrying their skis," he used to say. One rainy morning, when Schneider went outdoors to meet his classes, he found several pupils holding umbrellas; without a word he seized the umbrellas and beat them into wreckage with a ski pole. Another morning, when the rain was really too heavy for skiing, Schneider found one single, sodden pupil waiting for him on the slope. It was Albert, King of the Belgians.

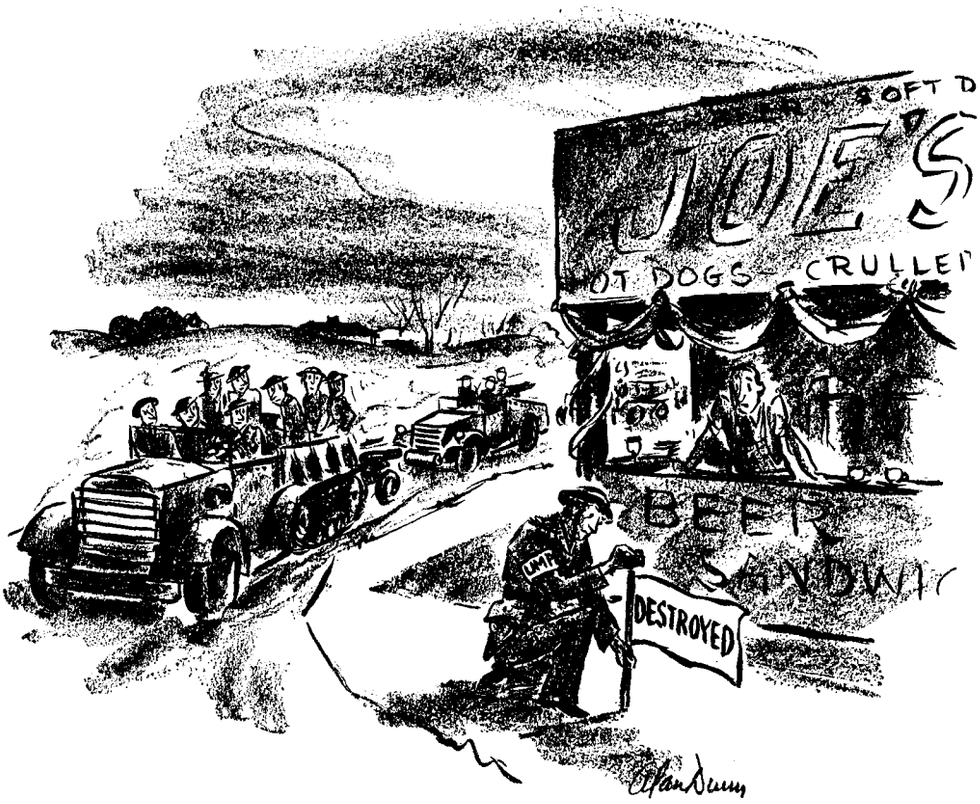
The discipline was like a breath of clean, cold air in the lungs of Schneider's wealthy clientele. The sterner he was, the more they liked it. The authority he delegated to his assistant instructors was as absolute as his own. During one especially crowded season he took a green lad employed part time at a local butcher shop and put him in charge of a beginners' class that included, in addition to some minor European nobility, a couple of American Stotesburys. The young instructor showed up one fine morning with some unfinished business—several packages of chops and *Schnitzel* that had to be delivered. He told his class that if they would wait until he had made his deliveries, the instruction would begin. Then, waving *auf Wiedersehen*, he started off. The class swung into line and started off after him, because nobody had understood a word of what he had said. The blue-blooded little procession made its way down the hills and through the back yards of St. Anton, dodging happily under the clotheslines. "My dear," one of the ladies said afterward, "it was wonderful. We skied *right* through a pigpen."

One maharaja, when he came to St. Anton, insisted on a private tutor. Schneider, who had already pretty thoroughly absorbed the manpower of the village, finally got him an instructor fully equipped to teach him the fundamentals, a youngster who had just turned thirteen. The maharaja was delighted with his lessons and when he left St. Anton he gave the lad a tip of $2,000 and a motorcycle.

SCHNEIDER had a dreamlike interlude in Japan, significant, perhaps, in the light of later events. In 1930, the Japanese government telegraphed him an offer of $10,000 for four weeks of his services. Placing his St. Anton school in charge of his assistants, Schneider packed up and left for the Orient. He found that the Japs had planned to get their money's worth in ski instruction; every moment of his four weeks in their country was scheduled, even his hours of sleep. His first assignment was to lecture to thirty-five hundred students, with the aid of an interpreter. "I—in my tuxedo—to talk of ski!" Schneider says, still horrified.

The Japanese, Schneider soon learned, had implicit faith in the power of indoctrination. Many ski students had memorized, word for word, a book he had written, "Wunder des Schneeschuhs." Moving pictures and still photographs were made of Schneider in every position. Arriving at a mountain near the town of Takata, he found five hundred eager pupils waiting for the single lesson they happily assumed would make skiers of them. Schneider had to fall back on "*So macht man es.*" He crouched, slid, and turned for their benefit, and they crouched, slid, and turned in obedient and quite successful imitation. "Like on a string, all together," he recalls. "It is comic." His visit—and probably his entire career as *Skimeister*—reached a climax the day he found himself perched far up on Fujiyama, the slopes below crawling with thousands of enthusiastic novices. He gave his instructions through a megaphone. Below him, interpreters with megaphones passed the word on. Below them, the pupils skied.

Leading a party of several hundred relatively advanced Japanese students over the snows of a mountain named Neko Tokky, Schneider had his first encounter with Japanese "face." A fog set in, and Schneider advised seeking shelter for the night. Very well, the Japanese told him, they would find Neko Tokky's ski shelter. It seemed to Schneider, who had noticed the shelter on the way up, that they were heading in the wrong direction, and he was bold enough to say so. His pupils assured him, with many a hiss and grin, that their way was the right way. Schneider, who has a solid confidence in his own judgment, insisted on leading the party in what his instinct told him was the right direction, and, sure enough, there was the shelter. In a moment the Japs were plunged into gloom; they looked at Schneider and muttered. The interpreter explained, when Schneider finally asked what was wrong, that they had lost face in mistaking their way on their own mountain. "Tell them that I often lose the way in *my* mountains," Schneider said. Everybody cheered up immediately.



BACK in St. Anton with the proceeds of his Japanese expedition, Schneider built himself the biggest house in the village, with thirteen rooms and two baths. He became a patron of the

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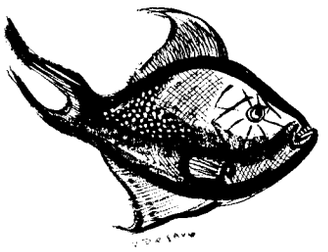
town band and other municipal projects. Not only did he have twenty-four full-time assistants but his Arlberg technique was being taught by disciples all over the world, wherever there were snow and hills. His popularity was fabulous. He was the hero of half the great men of Europe. Meanwhile, in Germany, Hitler was getting his start.

Schneider knew Kurt Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, though he didn't give any thought to politics; he used his acquaintance with the statesman solely in an attempt to get him interested in financing a ski tow at St. Anton. He skied in "The Ski Chase," a ski film which Leni Riefenstahl,



the actress who was or was not Hitler's lady friend, made at St. Anton, but he heartily disliked her, and so did his assistants. The high spot of Fräulein Riefenstahl's sojourn in St. Anton, as far as Schneider and his staff were concerned, came when she was bitten in the seat of her all-white ski suit by Friedl, a St. Bernard belonging to one of Walter Damrosch's daughters. Before long, the *Roter Adler*, a pro-Nazi newspaper in Munich, began attacking Schneider. There are all sorts of stories why, but a man who has relatives still within Hitler's reach can't be questioned too closely on the subject. One story says that he fired an instructor who was a Nazi. At any rate, his feelings about the Third Reich seem to have been obvious. In March, 1938, a few hours after the Germans entered Austria, Schneider was arrested and taken to jail in another town.

A howl of wrath arose from skiers everywhere. It happened that Europe's biggest ski event, the Arlberg-Kandahar meet, was scheduled for the following week at St. Anton. The race committee solemnly convened there and cancelled the meet. "We have no heart in an Arlberg-Kandahar without Hannes," the official announcement said. In New York, Harvey Gibson, who had already imported five or six of Schneider's best young assistants to teach at Eastern Slope, went into action; he assigned a man in the London office of the Manufacturers Trust to the mission of getting Schneider released. Gibson's representative hammered at officials of the Nazi Party for ten months, during which the ski bloc stirred up such an anti-Nazi sentiment in the foreign press that finally Schneider was released and given permission to leave the country, with the understanding that the incident was to be given no undue publicity and the first press releases on the subject were to be dictated by the Nazis. In February, 1939, Schneider and his family sailed for the United States. Seven days later he was in North Conway, walking under an arch of skis made by a hundred and fifty local schoolchildren, while the church bells of the town rang in welcome.

Schneider, in addition to his salary, is provided with his house and living by the school, and he gets the usual fees for permitting the use of his name by manufacturers of skiing equipment. Summers he works as boss of the gang that is gradually enlarging the open slope on Cranmore Mountain. Last fall he took an automobile trip out to the Coast and, like a born American, came back with opinions about everything; he thought California overrated and liked the plains of Nebraska best of all he saw. He was also slightly wonderstruck. His Shell credit card, which enabled him to charge gas and oil in any state, seemed miraculous to him. In Idaho he went hunting and fulfilled a boyhood dream by shooting an elk.

People ask him sometimes if he plans to go back to St. Anton after the war. "Perhaps I go back just to visit," he tells them. "I am a little afraid of the changes that there may be in the place and the people. So, likely for good I settle here." As far as his friends know, he would be perfectly happy at North Conway if only he had a supply of snow equal to that of the Tyrol. "In all the years, only three days there without snow!" he will exclaim, looking indignantly at a bare April slope near North Conway. There is a story about a party given for him at the Harvard Club of Boston when he was here in 1936 on a brief visit. Somebody had brought along photographs of the White Mountain ski country—Mount Cranmore, Mount Washington, the dizzy headwall of Tuckerman Ravine. Schneider looked at them politely, then spoke to his interpreter. "He wants to know," the interpreter said, "where the mountains are." —C. Lester Walker

•

He will be assisted at Fort Bragg by J. Merrill Knapp, Yale '66, who is now director of the Princeton University Glee Club.—*The Times.*

Gets about with a cane, perhaps.

MAX GORDON HITS

"A HONEY OF A SHOW" —Walter Winchell

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OF ALL THINGS

EXPERTS agree that our government should tell the people the whole truth, no matter how unpleasant. Still, a little good news might not hurt us, if broken gently.

•

The British were properly shocked at the weakness of their armed forces in Malaya and Singapore. It seems that the authorities made all the time-honored blunders and even invented a few new ones.

•

In this dark hour the behavior of our congressmen should be an inspiration to one and all. While others were dismayed, they drove ahead and won a glorious victory over Miss Mayris Chaney.

•

Indignant senators are demanding that we immediately send reinforcements to General MacArthur, but they do not tell us how this can be done. Perhaps our troops would go over in a high dudgeon.

•

German resistance appears to have stiffened somewhat on the Soviet front. The chances are that spring will find the Nazis deep in Soviet soil, not to mention mud.

•

Everybody will have to go to the schoolteacher to get a sugar-ration card. There is no reason to believe that it will do any good to take her a big red apple.

•

The long-expected war-guilt trial at Riom has opened at last. The critics call it a dull French farce without any humor or ladies.

•

Irreplaceable workers in the film industry are to get "essential" rating in the draft. The government wants us to keep our spirits high and our amusement tax rolling in.

•

Apparently the congressional campaign will find politics going on as usual. Owing to high prices, however, we expect that fewer farm products will be thrown at candidates.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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ELEMENTARY, WATSON

FULL of fond memories of Violet Heming in "Three Faces East," I went to "Plan M," a melodrama at the Belasco, hoping for the best. The war, I thought, is clearly too much for serious playwrights, but perhaps the E. Phillips Oppenheim school will know how to handle it. The answer, it turns out, is no. In the course of the evening, one character is poisoned in full view of the audience, two others get shot, and a public-address system informs us that offstage the King of England is being kidnapped, the Royal Navy has been blown up, and the German Army is landing in force on the Dorset coast. Strangely enough, however, the total impact of all these large events is slight. It is obvious that the War Office is having a fairly busy day but not, on the whole, one that will be remembered in history.

In very brief synopsis, "Plan M" deals with a plot to sabotage British defense by substituting a Nazi for a high official in the War Ministry—a pretty silly project, if you ask me. Anyway, General Sir Hugh Winston is put in a steam cabinet by his treacherous physician, fed potassium cyanide, and then rolled off into the wings. Thereafter he is impersonated by a spy called Walter, who resembles him to the extent of being the same actor. Walter is something. He sends reinforcements to the northern front, where they aren't needed; shoots old Admiral Farnsworth, who doesn't like the way things are going; and winds up by kissing his (or rather Sir Hugh's) illegitimate daughter, for which, quite properly, he gets shot himself. With his death, the German invasion collapses, the King of England is rescued, and the audience goes home, muttering about the condition of the American theatre. As you can see, it is moderately complicated. The dialogue owes something to Maxwell Anderson ("Old battlefields make rich farmlands") but more to Mr. Oppenheim ("That man, gentlemen, is *not* General Sir Hugh Winston"), and the acting is, perhaps, best described by the word "vehement." Among those who take part in it are A. P. Kaye, Anne Burr, Lumsden Hare, Len Doyle, and Mar Gnireg, whom I take to be an anagram for Marion Gering, the director. Curiouser and curiouser, as Alice used to say.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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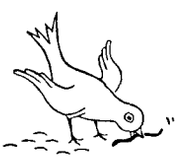

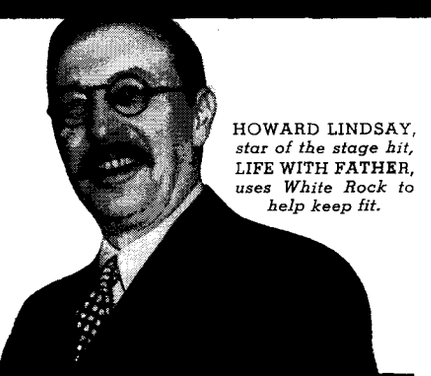

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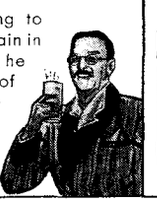

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SOPHIE HALENCZIK'S WAR ROMANCE

TO Sophie Halenczik the war is a tremendous adventure. This is said not in condemnation of her but in enormous respect for her enthusiasm and energy. Before we entered the conflict, Sophie's time had been given generously to committees engaged in war relief; now she gives it to activities concerned with defense. She was one of the earliest to enroll for Red Cross first-aid training. She weighs only a little over a hundred pounds, and where she gets the strength to do the things she accomplishes is a source of wonder to all who know her. Sophie is a widow and earns her living cleaning other people's houses five days a week, going to a different place each day. She comes to us on Fridays. As a rule she is through at four o'clock, and then, apparently, her real life begins. Somehow it is all tied up with her idea of New World freedom. Once, when I spoke skeptically of what seemed to me too feverish an activity among some of the women in our town, Sophie chided me.

"Is good," she said. "Is American. In the old country, when war comes women are scared. The men go away and the women stay home. They do nothing. They just wait for bad things to happen. No?" Sophie was speaking of the last war, when she was still in that part of the world which later became Czecho-Slovakia. "Is wonderful here," she continued. "They not scared. They make committees. They learn how to take care of people hit by bombs. They get pictures in the *Gazette*."

Sophie loves the *Gazette*, our New England town's weekly newspaper. Twice she has had her picture in it: once when her son, Frankie, went off to Fort Devens, the second time when the town discovered that Sophie was taking care of three Czech refugee cousins. She loves it for the personal items about the people she knows, and now, most of all, she loves it for the announcements of war romances. Every item in the paper about one of the town's boys marrying his best girl before he leaves for the Army sends Sophie into a state of vicarious bliss. One can't accuse the American movies of being responsible for Sophie's dewiness about love. It is rooted in something much older and deeper, in the gay waltzes of Strauss, in the memories of handsome officers riding down cobbled streets, in remembrances, no doubt colored by time, of her own wooing by the late Stefan Halenczik.

While Sophie has an excellent imagination, I am certain that never in her most extravagant moments did she dream she might be the principal in a war romance. It was probably her picture in the paper that started things, but it was the course in first aid which brought her and Ernest Hopkins together. The first I knew of it was when Sophie suggested one Friday morning that we really ought to do something about building an extra cupboard in the kitchen. We had often talked about it, but somehow the idea had never been pushed to the point of action. Since material and labor were scarce, I didn't see that this was exactly the time for it, but Sophie argued me out of my objection. She knew, she told me, a very fine carpenter, who could do it for us "good and cheap."

"I call him up now and tell him to come and see. No?"

Thus it was that I was introduced to Ernest Hopkins. He arrived in his car late in the afternoon. I must have seen him many times in town, but he was so typical a New Englander that he had made no impression on me. Lean and stooped, blue-eyed and sharp-jawed, he chewed tobacco while he talked to me. Several times he went to the door and spat neatly across the wide doorstep. He gave careful attention to our problem, which Sophie presented to him in all its complexities of pots and pans, and reckoned he could do it for a figure that wouldn't break me. When I asked him when he could do the job, it was Sophie who suggested, "You come next Friday. No?"

"Sure," he agreed, rubbing his lean, gray jowls. "Next Friday's O.K." He grinned amiably at me. "If Mrs. Halenczik is nearly done," he added, "I could give her a lift in my buggy. I'm goin' that way."

Again Sophie took the initiative. "It take me about twenty minutes to finish the floor," she said. "You wait in the car for me. No?"

"Sure," he said, raising his hand in a sort of half-humorous salute to her.

Sophie went to the window and watched him as he settled his long legs behind the wheel. "Mr. Hopkins got a nice car," she said to me. "No? He buy it just before the war. He pretty smart feller."

"Are you falling for a car, Sophie?" I said teasingly. Instead of laughing at me, as I expected, she grew very serious.

"You think he good and old. No?"

"Oh, I don't know," I answered, somewhat embarrassed. "He looks about sixty, I'd say."

"Yah." She nodded. "That pretty old." She pulled herself together. "Anyway," she went on, "it save you a trip to take me home. I figure that out when I tell him to come after three. And next Friday morning, he bring me. I fix that, too."

ERNEST HOPKINS made a beautiful cupboard for me and at a cost which I am sure was intended as a bribe for my good will in his campaign. For it was clear to me, as I observed his attentions to Sophie, that he was courting her. It was also clear to me that Sophie knew it and wanted me to know it. He timed the finish of his job that day so that he could again take her home.

A woman courted, no matter what her age, is a woman rejuvenated, and Sophie was no exception. There was a look in her dark eyes which made me think that she must have been a very pretty girl when she married her Stefan more than thirty years before. She was less talkative than usual, but when she spoke it was about Ernest. He was no longer Mr. Hopkins. There were reports of Ernest taking her to the movies and Ernest taking her to a Grange supper.

"Last Sunday, Ernest show me his house," she told me one Friday. "It pretty fine. Six rooms, two floors, bathroom, oil furnace. Is wonderful. No?"

"It sounds to me like a swell setup," I said.

"Yah," she agreed. "He pretty lonely," she went on after a moment. "He got two married daughters. They live in California. For six years now he live alone since his wife die." Sophie ran her dustcloth expertly across the table and examined the clean trace it left.

"You know, Ernest do whole lot of war work," she said, and her voice had a lilt of pride in it. "Not only first aid. Every Wednesday he sit in the air station from eight to ten at night and watch for airplanes. He got good ears and good eyes, that Ernest. And every Monday he go to the firehouse and take lessons how to put out fires with sand and pumps. It pretty nice for a man so old like him. No?"

"He's not so old, Sophie," I said, giving her the assurance I knew she wanted.

"That what he say," she answered, smiling. "You know what else he say?" she continued, her lips trembling in

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happy confusion. "He say this is a war romance." A wave of red started from her neck and flowed over her cheeks as she spoke.

"Is it all decided then? Are you going to marry Ernest?"

She shook her head, and her eyes were clouded with perplexity.

"No, not decided. We just talk." Again she made a lane of brightness on the dusty table. "I invite him to my house next Sunday for dinner. I want the family should see him."

With Frankie in the Army, Sophie's family consists of Mary, her oldest daughter, who has a ten-year-old girl of her own, born out of wedlock; Irene, the second, who was married after her baby was several months old; and Annie, the youngest, who is engaged to a young mechanic who is now making good money in a defense factory.

"They'll like Ernest, I'm sure," I said.

Sophie's answer was a noncommittal shrug of the shoulders.

Naturally, I was highly curious about the results of the Sunday dinner, but I had to wait until the following Friday to learn what happened. There are times when Sophie's talkativeness drives me frantic, and there are times when her silence does the same. The Friday after that Sunday dinner, she went about her work as though she were a Trappist monk. It was not until we had sat down to lunch that I succeeded in breaking through to her.

"What happened on Sunday, Sophie?" I asked, foregoing any subtle tactics of approach.

"Nothing," she answered laconically. "He come."

"Doesn't the family like him?"

"Oh, sure," she declared without enthusiasm. "They like him all right." Without interest, she took up a piece of toast, buttered it, and put it down again. "I told you he pretty old." She looked at me and smiled ruefully. "You know, I think maybe he sick, too. He eat like sick man."

"You're not eating much yourself right now," I said.

"I lose my appetite on Sunday," she replied, sighing. She put a morsel of toast into her mouth and chewed it noisily. "He got false teeth, too," she said, her own teeth champing powerfully. "We make a kind of party on Sunday. You know how it is. A man come to your house to meet the family, you like to show him you live good. We start with little salt herrings in olive oil, then we have some nice chicken soup with egg dumplings. Then we have paprika

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chicken and noodles. Also, boiled potatoes with chicken fat and fried onions. My husband he used to be crazy for that. And for dessert we have *swetchken Knödel*—kind of sweet dumplings filled with prunes. Not everybody can make them, even in the old country."

"Didn't Ernest like them?" I asked.

"Didn't he like them?" she repeated bitterly. "He don't touch them. He don't touch the herring. He drink the soup but he don't eat the dumplings. He ask for a white piece of meat from the chicken, without gravy, no noodles, and he kind of wipe the chicken fat and onions off the potatoes. And when Irene's husband fill the glasses with wine, he ask for a cup of tea, not too strong." Sophie's eyes were filled with tears of outrage. "What kind of man you call that?" she asked.

"I guess he's not used to good cooking," I suggested. "Give him a chance, Sophie. He'll learn."

"Nah," she answered, and the word held complete rejection and disgust. "He never learn. He a sick old man. He say he got a delicate stomach. I don't like that. If a man got no stomach, he got no heart." Her eyes grew soft with memories. "When I think how my dead husband eat! It was a pleasure to cook for him. All the time Ernest eat nothing I think of my husband."

"But, Sophie," I argued, "that was many years ago. Maybe now if your husband were alive he couldn't eat so well either."

Sophie snorted with unbelief and scorn. "Stefan Halenczik," she declared, "he eat good even if he was ninety years old. Not one tooth he break in all his life. He do everything good. He don't die of sickness. He die because he fall out of a wagon when he is drunk."

"Well, you can't have everything," I said a little weakly. "Ernest may not be a good eater but he's a good provider. You'll be well taken care of in your old age. Doesn't that mean anything?"

"Yah," Sophie agreed, "sure." She tapped her forehead with her forefinger. "Up here," she went on, "it say yes, but here"—she tapped her heart—"it say no, no, no."

I don't know why I pleaded Ernest's cause; it didn't matter one way or the other to me whether Sophie married him, but somehow the situation called for further talk.

"How old are you, Sophie?" I asked. "That is, if you don't mind telling me."

"Going on fifty," she answered. "That not so old."

"No," I agreed, "but at your age love

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shouldn't be so important. There are other things."

"I know what you going to say," she interrupted impatiently. "The children tell me that, too. He gonna be company for me when they all leave me someday. He give me—what they call it?—security. I think, if you excuse me, that what my Frankie call a whole lot of baloney. At my age love is more important, maybe, than when people are young. Sure. What else you got? When you young you marry a man and maybe you don't love him. But you both young and you learn to love him. You have children, you cook for him, you got things to talk about. But when you old and you have a sick old husband what can't even eat, what kind of life you got? Maybe we don't even go to movies after we get married. Maybe he ain't strong enough for that." She brushed the crumbs off her fingers as though they were Ernest. "No thank you," she said. "I don't marry for that kind of a life."

"It's your affair, Sophie," I said lamely. "I just thought this would be another war romance."

"No," she said, shaking her head. "Not for me. I guess maybe I was crazy for a while." A look of sly humor came into her eyes and she giggled. "You know what? I think maybe it only a war romance when the man go away to war. If Ernest marry me and go away to fight, it would be fine. No?" She laughed. "Nah. He too old to eat, too old to fight, too old to marry." She grew sober. "Anyway, I don't like the name —Sophie Hopkins. Nah. That not me. Sophie Halenczik more better. No?"

"Hopkins is a good old American name," I said.

"Sure," she agreed. "But now Frankie is in the Army, Halenczik is good American name too. No?"

"You bet," I said. "All the same, I feel kind of sorry for Ernest. I hope you weren't too hard on him."

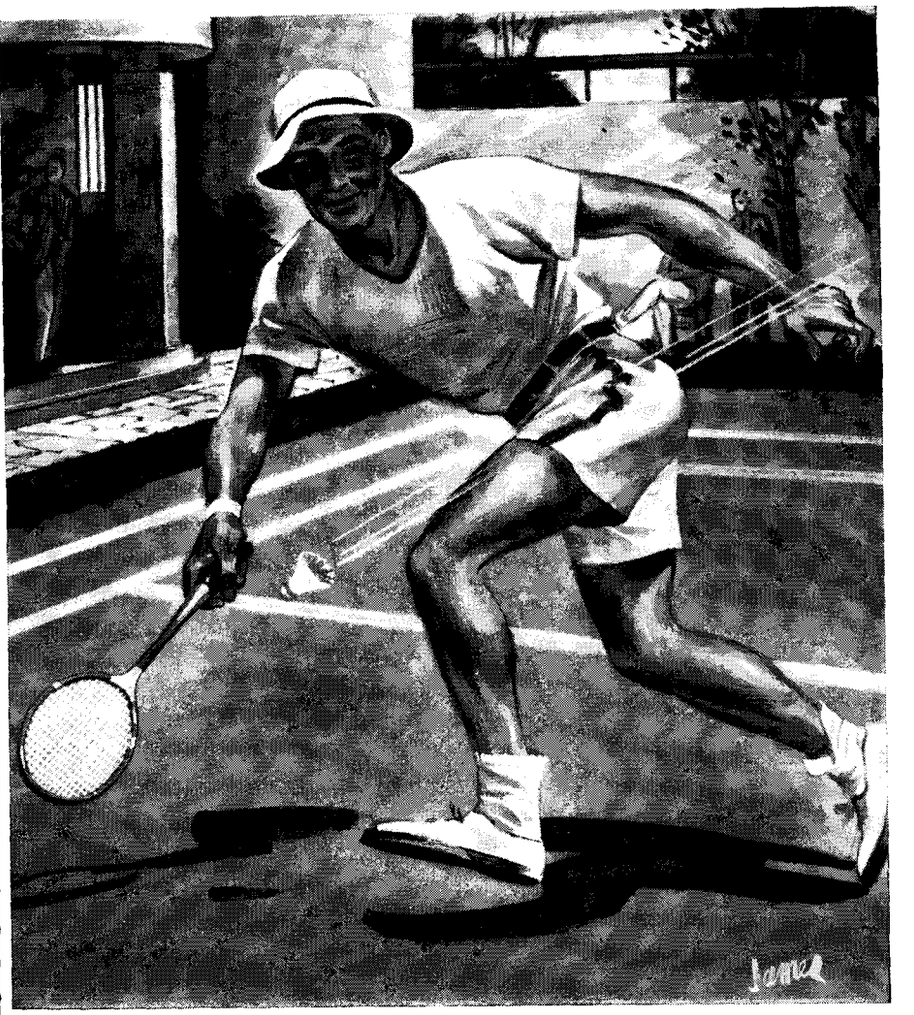
Sophie rose from the table and indicated to me that lunch was over. But as she made her way to the kitchen sink with the dishes, she threw a last remark to me over her shoulder. "Not too hard. He promise to take me to Fort Devens to see Frankie next week. In this country, Ernest says, a man and lady can keep company even if they don't get married. They just good friends. No?"

—Rose Feld

•

People who ski, for the most part, fall into four groups.—*St. John (N.B.) Telegraph-Journal.*

Except on *very* steep hills.



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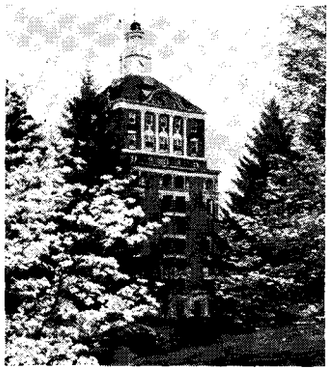

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LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 20 (BY CABLE)

ALTHOUGH it had been regarded as inevitable, the fall of Singapore sounded to Britons something like an earth-shaking rehearsal for Judgment Day. Maybe it really was a sort of judgment day on the lack of prevision, the absence of dynamic planning, and the sahib mentality which made the supposedly impregnable fortress a pushover for the first determined nation that came along. While millions of words were being spilled on paper to explain the defeat, simple and pious Englishmen who took their troubles to church that morning may have felt that the Psalm for the day summed up the situation adequately with the nine words "The proud are robbed, they have slept their sleep." Everything one has heard since then, both in public and in private, seems to show a grim national determination to end that sleep before the rest of the world mistakes it for *rigor mortis*. Because the British character does best when stimulated by anger, the current feeling over the loss of possessions, prestige, and trained manpower is probably a good thing. Anger saved the day when France fell and, later, when the bombs fell.

By postponing the debate on the conduct of the war until next week, the Prime Minister indicated that he thought Parliamentary discontent might cool off by then. However, it is likely that the Members at Westminster, and certain that the worried men and women they represent, will still be in a mood to ask searching questions, not so much about what wasn't done in the past as about what's going to be done in the future. The Battle of Singapore is over. The Battles of Burma, of Java, and of Australia are to come. What has been going on right here and what has resulted in the hoped-for reconstructed and strengthened War Cabinet is the Battle of Winston Churchill. In a single session of the House of Commons the Premier was twice called a Führer, once by Conservative Lord Winterton and once by Communist Mr. Gallacher, without a peep of protest being raised by the newspapers next morning. Actually, what seemed to emerge from the recent government crisis was a picture of the difficulties encountered by Mr. Churchill in trying to be at once a Führer and not a Führer and to turn a democracy into an efficient totalitarian state while retaining the democratic rights of free speech and a free press.

Certainly the press demonstrated its rights in no uncertain voice after Singapore. In tones varying from the rumble of the mighty *Times* to the piping of Lord Kemsley's little *Daily Sketch*, most of the papers strongly criticized Mr. Churchill's attitude toward criticism, urged that he should ease the public mind by easing his own shoulders of some of his burdens, and implored him to be ruthless in eliminating weak spots in his team. Practically the only exception was Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, whose position was the Prime Minister, right or wrong, and which roundly declared that anyone who differed with Mr. Churchill at such a dangerous juncture was a traitor. The Prime Minister's own broadcast plea for unity contained a hint to the same effect, which slightly chilled many of his listeners who were ready to fight for him at the drop of a hat but who didn't expect to be told that their reasonable doubts rated a millstone around the neck and a quick jump.

WHAT intelligent people of all classes wanted to be rid of was the suspicion that party considerations and personal loyalties might be hanging a millstone around the neck of the war effort. The hope of the worried little man everywhere—the patient, good-humored citizen in a bowler hat who pays his taxes, builds his air-raid shelter, grumbles, suffers, and is the best willing-horse material in the world—is that the big man at the top has given the all-out signal to go which won an earlier battle when informed opinion in many quarters said that it was lost. The loss of Malaya has already had disastrous effects on thousands of British lives. Not only large fortunes have crashed with it but smaller incomes deriving from life savings put back into the East by elderly former planters and businessmen out there. Many a villa at Cheltenham or any of the other English spas of the comfortably retired now finds itself facing ruin.

Difficulties of communication have naturally sharpened anxiety. Most of the big London firms which once operated in Malaya have been without word from their planters or of their estates. The Colonial Office and the department of the Red Cross which handles inquiries about missing people have been jammed

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by anxious relatives hopeful for news. There has been none to give them, and judging by the scarcity of information so far received from Hong Kong, it is likely to be many heartbreaking weeks before any gets through. On the Monday after Singapore fell, it seemed that every Londoner one talked to either had a friend or relative on the island or knew someone who had. It also seemed that there was a general realistic acceptance of a longer, harder war, which, even if it doesn't make its full bloody horror felt here (and many people think that the expected spring offensive may be switched to England), will certainly make Britons look back upon the last two years as a dream of luxury and easy living. The cut in the basic petrol ration was just a start, it is believed, of further stringent civilian disciplining to come. Because of the grave turn of events, no one would be surprised and many would be pleased to see that basic ration cut to nothing for all except those with some very good reason for motoring.

WHETHER or not radio listeners were unusually sensitive this week, the B.B.C. got into hot water again over its reporting of the unhappy Scharnhorst-Gneisenau episode. People have been complaining that the way in which this news was presented made the whole thing sound more like a triumphant R.A.F. exploit than what it undoubtedly was—a shocking British disappointment. The sensible public isn't taken in for a minute by any soft-pedalling of bad tidings. What it is in the mood to hear, because this is what it believes to be true at the moment, is that things are bad, that it will likely be a long time before they'll get any better, and that nothing but the undivided effort of every man and woman in this country will decide whether the proud are to go on sleeping or wake up and beat hell out of the robber.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

DEPT. OF HIGHER LEARNING
(SHAMBLES DIVISION)

[*From a list of papers presented by the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton*]

DONALD C. MAY, JR.: Kronecker integrals
Gauss-Bonnet formula for hypersurfaces in Euclidean n-space
PHILIP J. MCCARTHY: Parabolic tests for linkage
Tests of hypotheses concerning location and scale parameter
On the Behrens-Fisher problem
BROCKWAY MCMILLAN: Chaos

Something NEW* has been added!

...*Something that steps up smoking pleasure!

A big event—the Middlebury College Winter Carnival. Barbara Lown and William J. Bursaw, Jr., Queen & King of the 1941 Carnival, are talking after being photographed recently:

BARBARA: Ahh. Have a match, King?
BILL: There you are, my Queen.
BARBARA: I've always been fond of Old Golds, Bill, but since something new* has been added . . .
BILL: You're even *more* of an Old Gold fan.
BARBARA: Absolutely. You see, Bill—it's not only something new—*it's something super!*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT has always been my contention that fashion constitutes a more accurate barometer of the times than is ordinarily supposed. Even though the feeling may be only intuitive among certain butterflies, the present unusual rush to buy tweeds and "classic" tailored suits seems to me a sure indication that women expect to be in for a long period of down-to-earth activity. It is easy to forget how practical suits are, particularly in tweed; a quiet, gray, pin-striped suit will look well with a workaday accompaniment of sweater and beret or with a hat swathed in bright green veiling and topped by an outburst of impudent red poppies. Suits need a minimum of fuss to look smart, they don't go out of style, they are effortless and durable. Thus today's sermon will deal with some current examples of these worthy garments.

Abercrombie & Fitch, as usual, have beautiful ones, with single-breasted, longish jackets that are either slightly fitted or along the lines of a man's sack suit. The shop likes to use fake pockets and to make the lapels of its tweed suits without lining, so that the jackets have no bulk and are easy to wear under topcoats. A favorite color here at the moment is yellow, usually with a tortoiseshell-brown cast; look at a suit in this color with a royal-blue-and-brown jagged crossbar. You will find multicolored tweeds, too (as in a suit of blue, red, and green checks), and plenty of stripes (as in a beige affair with chalky ones of rust, blue, green, and yellow). There are often tweed coats to go over them, or you may prefer to try the camel's-hair capes, either just-below-hip length and lined with red flannel or full length and unlined. The full-length ones are so voluminous that they can be wrapped about you like a blanket. Tweed suits are around $50 to $65, but the shop also has an exceptional $35 group in other materials, which includes suits of natural or ice-blue wool gabardine adorned with convertible necks and hand stitching and others with cardigan jackets and kick-pleated skirts in Kelly-green wool or gray flannel.

THOSE who like their suits on the most severely tailored, mannish lines and have not yet found a man's tailor who Understands Women should know of Frank De Gez, at 46 West 48th Street. There is nothing much to say about his work except that the fussiest dude among your men friends would give it his approbation. De Gez favors broad, square shoulders and long, single-breasted jackets with pointed lapels; the skirts are straight, often with an inverted pleat at the sides to make your stride effortless. Moreover, he is one of the few Eastern tailors who know how to cut a pair of slacks for women without a trace of sag in the rear, and his stock of materials is good; I particularly admired a fine, gray herringbone wool and a jet-black gabardine. Suits are $75 and up, custom-made.

I MIGHT also call your attention to Bloomingdale, which has lots of well-tailored ready-to-wear suits with longish jackets and box-pleated skirts, at prices from $20 to $50. Bright red flaunts itself everywhere—in a covert suit, for example, with a suède finish and a one-button fastening, high lapels, and hand stitching, in a Shetland cardigan-type one, and in a wool-gabardine single-breasted classic with patch pockets. There are quantities of suits made of the soft-finished worsteds used in men's clothes. The worsteds may be in plaids of subdued blue and gray or they may be in more slashing patterns, as in a yellow-and-gray model. This one boasts the sort of sleeve Bloomingdale favors—raglan at the back and set in at the front—on a jacket cut so that a gray stripe of the huge plaid forms a wide band at the waistline. You'll also find that spring suit of navy worsted which is a pet of American women; it has notched lapels, big blue buttons, and a slender

"Sometimes we're awfully hard to please."

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look. Bloomingdale has a good assortment of blouses, too—things like crisp checked taffetas that tie in a bow at the throat, red-and-white floral rayon crêpes with long sleeves and a neckline with a deep V on the chest, and rayon jerseys with huge colored flowers on a white ground. Very dainty blouses at $3.95 may be of the baby-dress type in batiste with narrow lace insertions and fine tucks or they may sport lingerie and lace jabots.

IF you have your mind on those not so distant April showers, you will like Peck & Peck's perfectly beautiful new white or pastel poplin raincoat, which buttons to the throat, has a fly front and huge pockets, and looks as fresh and springlike as anything possibly can. It costs $14.95, and there's a $3.95 sou'-wester to match. The shop also longs to contribute a bit of gaiety to the oncoming season by means of what it terms vitamin colors—such as Red Pepper (looks more like raspberry to me), Salad Green (deep and bright), and a lovely purply Cabbage—which it uses in nice, tailored jackets, box-pleated skirts, and slacks of rayon crash, all sold separately. (You're supposed to wear blouses printed with bunches of asparagus, radishes, or the like with these.) There are also neatly tailored dresses in these healthful colors, among them a collarless affair in which one of the vegetable prints is used to edge its leather belt. Another tailored dress is in a print with cabbages sprinkled over it. The dresses are $25; the jackets, slacks, and skirts are $10.95 and $14.95.

Next thing you know, somebody will name a color after the pituitary gland.

—L. L.

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

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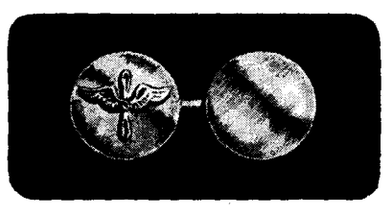

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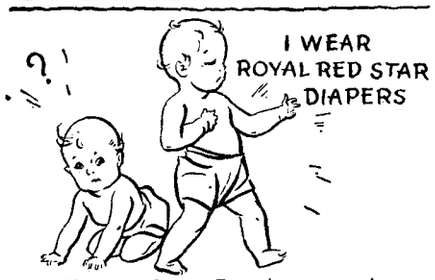

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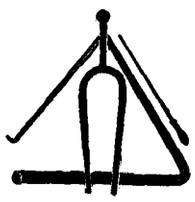
MUSICAL EVENTS

Conductors Everywhere—Returns on Two Natives

THERE'S been lots of activity lately for those who visit Carnegie Hall to watch the conductors passing through. For instance, Serge Koussevitzky, who had been seen for years only as director of the Boston Symphony, dropped in as visiting maestro for the Philharmonic-Symphony. He was the same sensitive and stimulating Mr. Koussevitzky. It wasn't the same Philharmonic-Symphony, though, because this ensemble has played for so many leaders in the past few seasons that you can't easily define its characteristics as a performing unit. However, it was a superb orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky's guidance, and it played for him as if it had been acquainted with him for much more than a few rehearsals. It didn't sound entirely like the Boston ensemble, of course. The Boston tone has been aged for many years under Mr. Koussevitzky's wood, and you couldn't expect from our home band so soon the mellowness of the director's own group. Nevertheless, the performances of items by C. P. E. Bach, Copland, Ravel, and Shostakovich were essentially Koussevitzky performances, and the audience (a Koussevitzky audience, by the way) greeted everything with deserved ado.



Probably the greatest parade of conductors any one concert of the season will exhibit appeared at the National Orchestral Association's session that outlined "The Story of the Association in Music." Wolfgang Stresemann, Charles Blackman, Richard Korn, and Yudie Wietzman, in addition to Leon Barzin, the Association's regular director, took over for various offerings. The idea of the entertainment was to demonstrate the services that this training orchestra supplies to musicians: practice in the standard repertory, accompaniments, laboratory workouts for composers with new compositions, opportunities for soloists to do their stuff with a large ensemble, and other useful aids. The event also provided practice for Mr. Barzin as a master of ceremonies and for the conductors and soloists in speaking into a microphone. Miss Mariana Sarrica played Alexandre Tcherepnine's rather uneventful piano concerto brilliantly. The young transient conductors went about their tasks with understanding, and they couldn't be charged with some of the muffs that happened now and then in the course of the performance.

I regretted that Mr. Barzin didn't go through with his original plan of placing the orchestral parts of the five Beethoven piano concertos on the racks and inviting a volunteer pianist to step to the stage and play a movement of any one of them with the orchestra. The rush to the platform would have been a sporting event. As it was, the soloist for this part of the program was picked in advance—Mrs. Charles McKim Norton, a subscriber, who played the first movement of Beethoven's third concerto nimbly and musically, with only a casual previous run-through.

Another Beethoven concerto—the fifth—had a complete hearing (with a full rehearsal, no doubt) at a concert of the New York City WPA Symphony Orchestra. It happens that I respect this concerto without being bowled over by it; anyway, the smooth, brilliant playing of Gyorgy Sandor sounded O.K. to me and the orchestral direction of Henri Pensis was alert and crisp. Mr. Pensis, who comes from Luxembourg, was conducting his first program in Carnegie Hall, and showed obvious experience and sound technique.

BY commuting to the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall in the course of the National Orchestral Association's concert, I managed to hear Virgil Thomson's sonata for violin and piano, played by Miss Hinda Barnett and George Robert, who, I thought, did well by Mr. Thomson's engaging composition. It is unobtrusively solid, says its say with precision and concision, and the writing for the instruments is effective. However, I would have preferred a bit more swagger at the very close of the work. Make a note of the sonata as something for the serious consideration of musicians who are looking for an individual and worth-while addition to their repertories.

OSCAR LEVANT's piano concerto, which had its première with the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, under the excellent direction of Alfred Wallenstein, does some hop-skip-and-jumping and there are moments that are no easy listening matter, yet the piece is full of inventions and ingenuities, and has a real sock and not much buskin. As for

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Mr. Levant's playing of the difficult piano part, that was—well, if you don't know what a fine pianist he is, catch him next chance you get.

—Robert A. Simon

CONCERT RECORDS

Much Brilliance

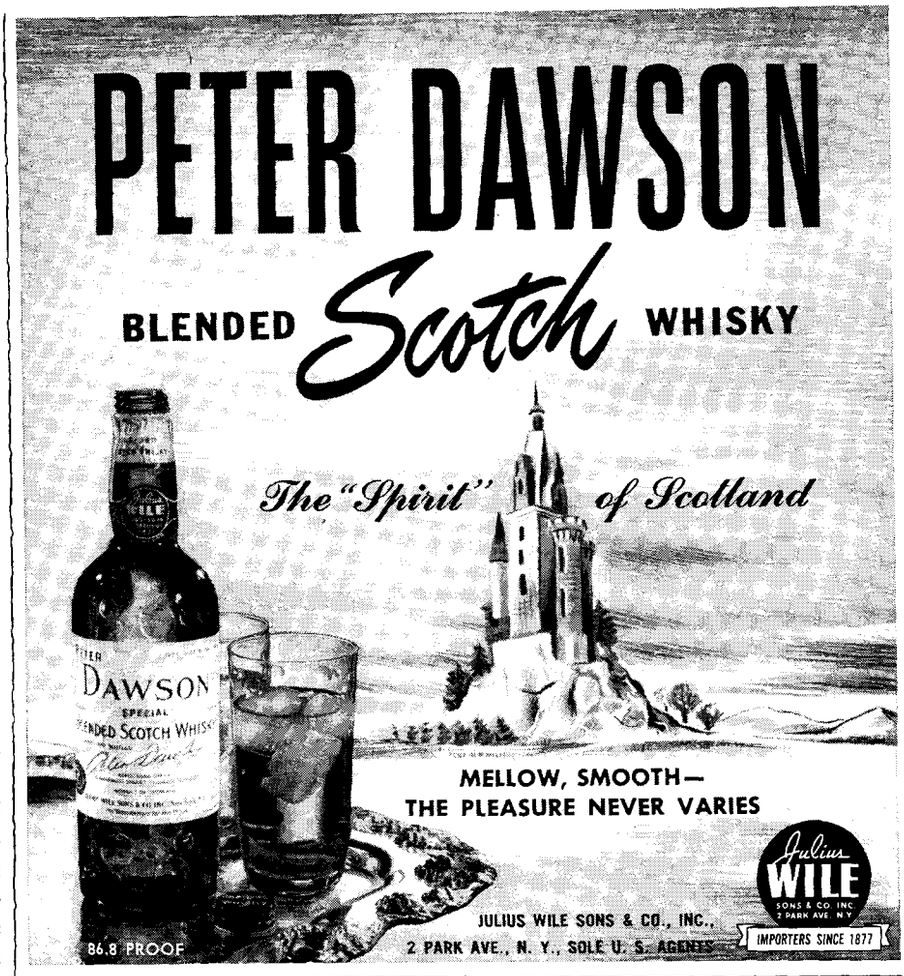
Columbia spells him "Shostakovitch" and Victor lists him as "Szostacowicz" (the Philharmonic-Symphony likes "Shostakovich"), and both recording companies have excellent new presentations of his music. The Columbia offering is his quintet for piano and strings (Columbia M-483), played by Miss Vivian Rivkin and the Stuyvesant String Quartet in a fashion which makes clear the charm and ingenuity of the music. Victor presents a performance of his sixth symphony by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski's direction (Victor M-867). The symphony hasn't quite the directness of the quintet, but it is characteristic of the composer's immense capabilities.

Jascha Heifetz and the Cincinnati Symphony, conducted by Eugene Goossens, put on a fine showing of the violin concerto by William Walton, another present-day composer of importance (Victor M-868). Mr. Heifetz, to whom the concerto is dedicated, is at his top—and that's a top top—in this recording and the orchestral collaboration is first rate. The concerto is fascinating stuff, but some of it may be rather perplexing to listeners whose fiddle-concerto affections are limited to older works for violin and orchestra.

Collectors of Rachmaninoff will set down as a must the recording of the composer's first piano concerto, played by Rachmaninoff and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy in charge (Victor M-865). This concerto isn't really Rachmaninoff's first first, so to say. It's a revision of his earliest concerto and has the general characteristics of his second and third concertos.

Brilliance pops up in a good many of the latest issues. The Boston Symphony, directed by Serge Koussevitzky, has a razzle-dazzler in Liszt's "Mefisto" waltz (Victor M-870). For good measure the album includes "The Battle of Kershenetz," from Rimski-Korsakov's "The Invisible City of Kitzeh." It's well played, but nothing special otherwise.

Another Rimski-Korsakov short appears in Columbia album X-212, in which the Bridal Procession from "Le Coq d'Or" supplements Dukas's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," played by the



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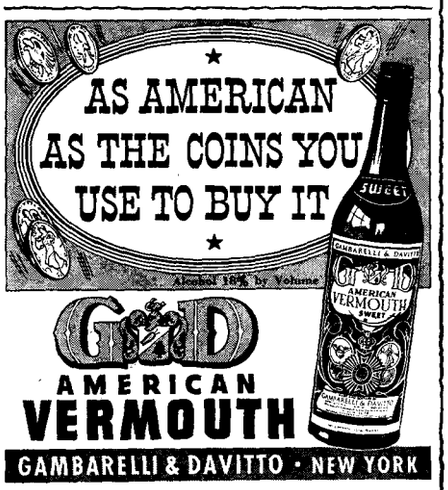

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Minneapolis Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos leading. The Bridal Procession gets a rousing reading. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" also has plenty of glitter, but not all of the humor of the music is present.

In case you're in the market for a new set of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, there's the All-American Orchestra's performance, conducted by Leopold Stokowski (Columbia M-485). The young ensemble plays delightfully, and Mr. Stokowski's presentation of the symphony is, in the main, "straight."

TWO albums of Chopin's waltzes (Victor M-863 and M-864) are to hand, played by Alexander Brailowsky, who is a Chopin expert. "Played" may not be the word. When it's Chopin, it probably should be "interpreted," because every pianist has his own way of performing this composer, and the waltzes are especially susceptible to individual handling. I can't settle down to any one pianist's Chopin myself. Somehow, I like to hear different versions of the waltzes. But that's hardly a complaint against the able Mr. Brailowsky.

For a good sample of accomplished two-piano operation, there's Schumann's Andante and Variations, handsomely performed by the Bartlett and Robertson duo (Columbia X-213). This album also brings to you Schumann's Etude in the Form of a Canon, arranged by, of all composers, Debussy.

More Schumann arrives in Columbia set M-468. The pianist is Bruno Walter, who plays the accompaniments for Mme. Lotte Lehmann's expressive singing of the *Dichterliebe*. Unfortunately, the recording of the piano is sometimes so light that Mr. Walter's subtleties don't register.

TWO exceptional singles are Roland Hayes' singing of an African religious chant, "Xango," coupled with "Micheu Banjo" (Columbia 17294-D), and Mme. Bidu Sayao's performance of a pair of Puccini airs, "Mi Chiamano Mimi" and "Un Bel Di" (Columbia 71320-D). The orchestra is led by Erich Leinsdorf, who conducts these excerpts with so much skill that this listener would like to hear him doing a complete Puccini opera sometime.

—R. A. S.

•

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THE RACE TRACK

Looking Forward

UP to last weekend, visitors at Hialeah had largely busied themselves with run-of-the-mill winter racing. For more than a month they had buzzed with routine day-to-day problems of unapplied mathematics and lamented along the wailing wall on the beach over the fact that the average of beaten favorites was higher than usual. During the past few days, however, almost everyone has perked up over the prospect of seeing the Flamingo Stakes this Saturday, and there has been all sorts of talk about who is going to win it. I confess that I still fancy Alsab. For one thing, he has rested for nearly a fortnight. Of course, I hesitate to recommend him seriously on that alone, but I can't believe that anything he's likely to meet is going to beat him, at least at even weights.

The Flamingo Stakes will begin the Miami Jockey Club's Grande Semaine. After it comes the Black Helen Handicap (how would you like to see as good a filly as Black Helen around this season?), the Dinner Stakes, for which subscribers may lease a two-year-old if they don't happen to own one (and many do, just to be an owner for a day), the Hialeah Juvenile Stakes, and the Widener Handicap. This year not even the most enthusiastic Los Angeles booster will be able to remark casually, "Personally, I don't think that the Widener compares with our races," for this time the Widener has all the important horses except Whirlaway, who is still on the Coast.

If the Miami Jockey Club management wanted to dream up a jolly little nightmare, it might try imagining how it would be feeling right now if the Santa Anita Handicap hadn't been called off. Hialeah would go into a cold sweat at the thought of Challedon, Mioland, and all the rest being in California instead of Florida next week.

I can't get terribly excited about Challedon, never having been impressed by his conformation or his performances when people were voting him, for reasons that escape me, the "horse of the year." Johnstown was a better three-year-old in my book, and Eight Thirty a better four-year-old. However, I must say that Challedon has grown almost too handsome in his middle age. You might keep him in mind for Pimlico. His trainer at the moment is Ed Christmas, a good horseman even if he wasn't very lucky with Pictor, Challedon's stablemate, who was well beaten by Charlie Howard's pair—Mioland and Porter's Cap—the other afternoon. Of course, the track was muddy, which always is supposed to explain everything, but I thought that Mioland, who has grown into a huge fellow, went awfully well.

THERE isn't much to say about the two-year-olds at Hialeah except that, since their scramble is always the first race of the afternoon, they've been something to start a daily double with. Even the expensive animals Ogden Phipps sent down haven't been any great shakes. Of all the colts I've seen under colors, the one I fancy most is All Hoss, a big, well-muscled youngster by Pharamond II. All Hoss is owned by Price Headley, who gives his horses names they sometimes live up to. If the colt doesn't win either the Dinner Stakes or the Hialeah Juvenile, or both, I shall be surprised.

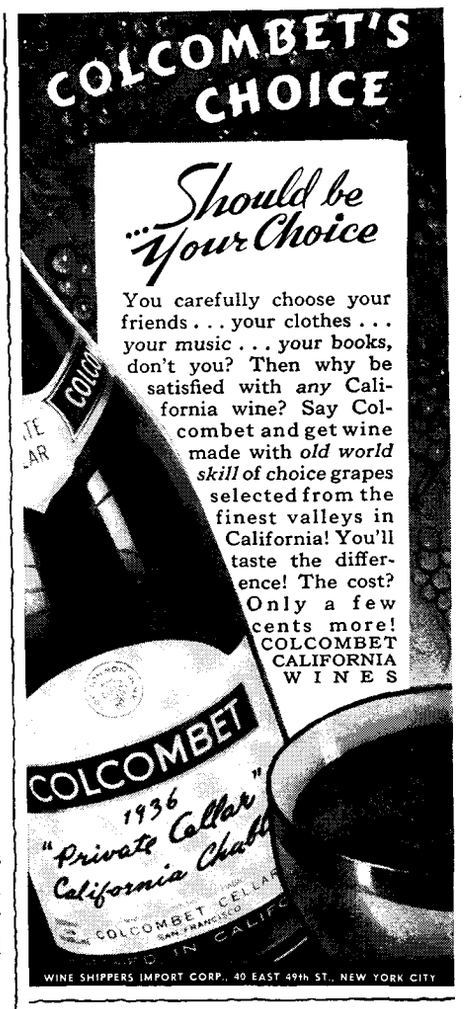
FROM all reports, Havana, now that the war is so near, isn't as much fun as it used to be. The town, in fact, is pretty grim, and the less said about the racing the better. One bit of news from there is that, no matter how many starters there are in a race, only straight and place betting is allowed. No doubt the effect of this regulation is something like that of the eagle bird, the extra hazard or number on a roulette wheel which increases the percentage of the house. Also, about half the horses are entered to be claimed for $200, which may give you some idea of what they're like.

NOTE ON STREET BETTING: In Miami, handbook-makers travel around in motorcars collecting and paying off wagers. An outside man reports that he knows one such perambulating bookie whose come-on is, "Bet me, feller. I'm lucky for players. Everybody beats me." —AUDAX MINOR

•

Later, I asked two of the Germans whether they were glad to be prisoners. "Mein Gott, jr!" they answered in chorus.—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Referring to Hitler, of course?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THE DINKY HOUSE

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Adams had been struggling for almost an hour over her weekly letter to Agnes' mother, she had managed to cover only a page and a half of paper. The letter would certainly never get in the afternoon mail now, and she couldn't even blame her slowness on the two little girls who were playing on the rug beside her desk, since they were far too absorbed in the buildings they were making out of blocks to interrupt her.

Her last letter from Mrs. Jenkins was at her elbow. She reread a paragraph or two and started writing again: "I know how hard it is for you not to worry about Agnes' forgetting you, but your letters and the pictures you send so often have done a lot to keep Tunbridge Wells fresh in her mind. Naturally, she has changed some ways in the year and a half since she came to us, but—"

She was interrupted by the slap of the afternoon mail on the hall floor by the front door and the click of the metal cover on the slot as the last envelope slid past. Both little girls sprang up and ran into the hall toward the door, but Emily Adams, who was eight and had longer legs, got there first. There were sounds of a scuffle, a high-pitched wail, and then Emily returned with the mail in her hand, followed by Agnes, a plump six-year-old who now had an expression of wrath on her round, pale face.

"That's *my* letter," she said, pointing to a blue envelope with a white censor's sticker sealing one end.

Mrs. Adams took the mail, frowned at her daughter, and handed the blue envelope to Agnes, who had crowded close to her side. As Agnes started to rip open the letter, Mrs. Adams put an arm around her, feeling a wave of affection for the little girl (who was really a darling, in spite of being so aggravatingly stubborn) and, at the same time, a twinge of guilt because she knew she could never be as fond of Agnes as of her own Emily. The social worker from the welfare society in charge of refugee children had told Mrs. Adams on one of her brisk visits of inspection that this wasn't necessary or even psychologically desirable. Nevertheless Mrs. Adams had kept on feeling guilty, a little more so with the arrival of each letter from England.

"Read it," demanded Agnes, thrusting out a crumpled sheet of thin paper. Emily waited eagerly at her mother's side. She never grew tired of hearing about Tunbridge Wells, that very desirable town where, according to Agnes, one got ice cream four times a day and never had to obey any rules.

Mrs. Adams smoothed out the paper and began to read: " 'Aggie darling, Mummie has no special news for you this week, for I've been at it so hard in the shop that I haven't seen anyone. Daddy works at night now in a factory, and goes to bed just when you would be getting up. Isn't that funny of him? Gladys and Penelope have left the shop to work in the country. You remember them, darling. They used to let you run about and measure out cloth for your dolly's frocks—' "

"Who did?" asked Agnes.

"They were assistants in the shop, I imagine," said Mrs. Adams. " 'Old Mrs. Cooley and I do everything except the accounts, which Daddy attends to if he isn't too tired. Uncle Ben got leave last week and saw Baby Peter for the first time. He couldn't believe he had such a *big* son—' "

"Peter is my cousin," Agnes explained.

"You silly," Emily remarked. "We all know that."

" 'I was thrilled with the photos Mrs. Adams sent. What a nice snow costume you were wearing—it makes you look a proper roly-poly. You never had anything like that over here, did you? Are you creaming your face each night? It must be very cold and snowy in Connecticut. You will be a big *Indian* when you come back and Mummie won't know you. That is a joke, darling; have Mrs. Adams explain it to you.' "

"I wish you'd stop wiggling, Ag," Emily complained. "You never half listen to your letters. All you like is opening them."

" 'Uncle Phil and Aunt Bet and Uncle Ben and Aunt Kate and Mrs. Cooley all send love. So does Pet. She is a lazy old pussy now—doesn't even bother to yowl when the alert sounds, just sleeps in front of the fire all the time. Daddy will write you when he isn't so tired. Love, darling, from us both. God bless. Mummie.' "

"You skipped," said Emily, peering over her mother's shoulder.

"Not a line," lied Mrs. Adams as she thrust the letter under the blotter. "If you two don't want to play with those blocks, you must put them away."

Emily flopped down on the rug on her stomach. "Let's build Tunbridge Wells," she said. "I'll do the shop, and you can lay out the streets, Ag."

"The shop is *mine*," said Agnes firmly.

"O.K.," said Emily. She took some long, flat blocks from a large wooden box beside the desk and laid them out in parallel lines while Agnes began to pile square ones on top of each other.

MRS. ADAMS took out the letter and sighed as she read over the passage she had censored: "Be a good girlie, and *always be grateful* to Mr. and Mrs. Adams for all the things they have done for you. Never be a bother, and do all you can to help around the house, and remember that little girls should never quarrel or behave rudely."

In earlier letters, Mrs. Adams had also suppressed paragraphs having to do with "the *graciousness* of his lordship, who sent you and the children of the staff to a place where you would be safe and where such lovely homes would be found for you."

"That's a wacky-looking house," observed Emily, leaving her own project in order to watch Agnes'.

" 'Tisn't," said Agnes. "Here is the shop, and the garden out back, and the shelter where the flower beds used to be. Over the shop is the dining room and the kitchen, and over that my mummie's and daddy's room and mine."

"It must be funny not to have a place for the family to sit in," said Emily, glancing about her own very adequate living room.

"We sit in the dining room, stupid," said Agnes. "You can't have a parlor if the shop takes up all the space where it should be."

"I'd have a living room, anyhow," said Emily, "and eat in one end of it, like we did the winter we stayed in town."

Agnes did not reply, so Emily turned her attention to the block enclosure behind the house.

"How big is your yard?" she asked. "We have an acre and a third here."

"We-ell, it's rather a little one," said Agnes hesitantly.

"It's probably like the little garden

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we had in the city, dear," said Mrs. Adams. "When you live in a big town you don't have much space for running."

"Now let's build your Auntie Bet's house, where you always went for Sunday tea," suggested Emily. "Where would that be, Aggie?"

"It was up this way, I think," Agnes said, studying the blocks that Emily had laid out in rows. "Or maybe across the street. Put it anywhere, Em."

Emily began to set up square blocks at the intersection of two streets. "Big house or little?"

Uncertainty flashed across Agnes' face. "Little, I think."

As Emily, chin in hands, studied the layout of the town, Agnes' lower lip began to tremble. "Ours was a dinky house," she said. "Just *dinky*."

"No town house is very large," put in Mrs. Adams, alarmed at the flush on Agnes' plump cheeks and at the angle at which her chin had begun to stick out.

"It was a horrid house!" cried Agnes, jumping up and kicking at the blocks. "It wasn't nice at all."

"Agnes Maria Jenkins!" said Emily. "You mustn't say such things about your own home. Your mummie wouldn't like it."

Agnes kicked the blocks again, demolishing the house and knocking the streets askew. Then she stood very stiffly, looking down at them belligerently.

"It was a horrid, nasty, dinky house," she said, daring anyone to argue with her. Emily, who recognized danger signals when she saw them, was silent.

"If you've finished with the blocks," said Mrs. Adams hastily, "why not run outside for a while?"

Emily scrambled up quickly. "C'mon, Aggie," she coaxed.

Agnes was undecided. She scuffed tentatively at the blocks once more, while the scarlet began to fade from her cheeks.

"Let's go chase that disgusting little Buddie Phipps," Emily said.

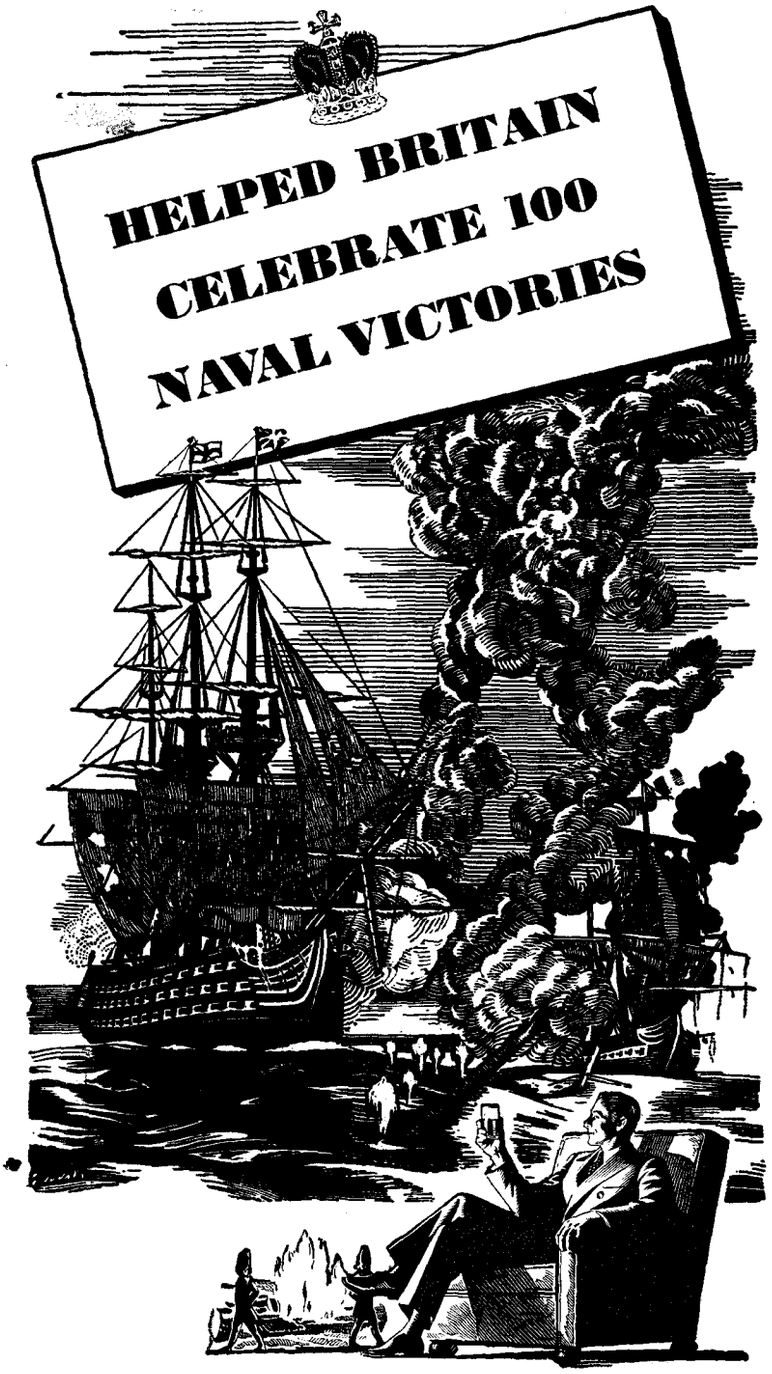
Agnes' chin returned to its normal line and her face brightened.

"And tie him to a tree?" she asked.

"Until he freezes to death," Emily said.

The children ran into the hall, chattering gaily. After the front door had closed behind them, Mrs. Adams turned back to her desk and to her unfinished letter.

"Only this afternoon," she wrote, "Agnes was making a model of your house with her blocks and knew exactly where everything should go. She talks



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constantly about you and all her relatives and friends, and also about the shop. I'm sure you'll find, when she comes home, that . . ."

Mrs. Adams put down her pen and tore up the letter. When she had tossed the scraps into the wastebasket, she knelt down and began picking up the blocks scattered over the rug. After she stowed them in their box, she returned to her desk and began again: ". . . Agnes never forgets to cream her face at night or to give her hair fifty strokes of the brush. She has *delightful* manners, and when she comes home I'm sure you'll find that . . ."

"Oh, Lord," said Mrs. Adams. She thrust her pen into its holder, pushed the letter under the blotter, and, reaching for the telephone, put in a call for the social worker, who always knew exactly what to do about everything.

—CONSTANCE BELKNAP

•

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—MAURICE SAGOFF

•

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

In Pinks and Blues

THE most startling film of the week, one which is not so alarming after all, has no touch of color other than "local" to set it off, yet the bright tints of Technicolor come chiefly to my mind as I recall the modest offering. Technicolor might possibly have given "Roxie Hart" an even more otherworldly quality than it has. Though color would certainly have been carried off with an air by Miss Ginger Rogers, the bleak blacks and whites of simple news photography certainly seem better adapted to this revival of the life of an era not noted for its pastels.

The name Roxie Hart meant something to me, struck some bell somewhere, but it wasn't until a moment after the screen play started that I suddenly recollected Maurine Watkins and her "Chicago" and the thrills and excitements of the twenties. One of the delightful heroines of that epoch had been this Roxie. Her shooting of an assiduous admirer and her eventual handling of the press and police of Cook County, resulting in her release, had seemed on quite the grand scale. What can have happened to our mental outlook in the meanwhile I cannot say, and what that outlook may be like in a couple of years I shudder to think, but surely Roxie, and Cook County, too, seem mild enough now, and her whole little story something in the class of gentle comedy. Sometimes the comedy gets a trifle noisy, as in the scenes in the ladies' pavilion of the county jail, and sometimes there is a raucous ingenuousness in the defendant's candid display of her femur to the jury, yet, taken altogether, the revived and readjusted story becomes a negative concoction. Color, of course, which might have made it a quaint period piece, a blood-upon-the-antimacassar kind of thing, is not the actual need here. The story is dated and still not dated enough, and neither Miss Ginger nor her major assistant, Adolphe Menjou, can do much about it.

ALL the bright blues and the bright pinks gleam and glitter for anyone's satisfaction in "Bahama Passage." Unfortunately, there is nothing else. A touch of the sun must have overcome everybody involved in the affair. Taken to Salt Cay, an island in the British West Indies, we find a strange domestic setup, with a mad old mother, an incompresensible son, and an overseer with a beautiful daughter of dubious intentions. The mad mother dies of terror, and it is a comment upon the film in general that this death, planned to be tragic and sinister, of course, becomes, with the treatment it receives, and though played by Flora Robson, simply farcical and grotesque. That the romance and the threat of weird Caribbean doings are so blurred is a disappointment. With all the sunlight given us and all that salt, something tasty should have been contrived. Neither Madeleine Carroll nor Stirling Hayden, the young people concerned, can provide shadows against the sunlight to make the story for a moment human. Just a mistake in very bright colors is all one can say of this Bahamian item.

MAX FLEISCHER'S "Mr. Bug Goes to Town," a feature-length cartoon, like his "Gulliver's Travels," might perhaps better have been chopped up into shorts, a short for each of the songs in it, thus ensuring him of at least one outstanding hit—the "We're the Couple in the Castle" charmer. The songs are pleasant, and the whole thing has its easygoing, agreeable character, but seventy-eight minutes seem a good many to devote quite gravely to the plight of a colony of insects.—JOHN MOSHER

•

CITATION

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17 (AP)—The Japanese flag flew briefly in the Halls of Congress today, but only until Representative May, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, discovered and destroyed it. The miniature flag was one of three, the other two were British, placed by a Congressional Library attendant to mark military movements on a map in the Speaker's lobby off the House chamber. It designated the position of enemy troops.

—*The Times.*

For intrepidity, above and beyond the call of duty,
For advancing into the Speaker's lobby off the House chamber
And there, without either aerial or artillery support,
Tearing down and demolishing a small Japanese flag
Placed on a map to mark troop dispositions,
I give you Representative May,
A homespun hero of today.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

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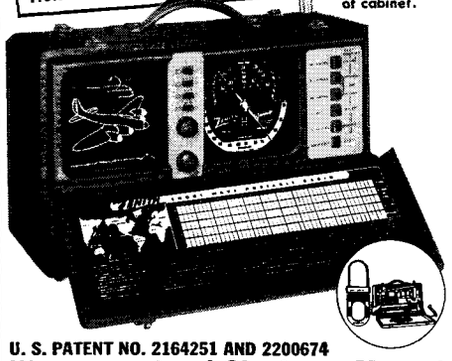

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TABLES FOR TWO

La Vie Not So Bohème

IT is no news to anybody that the Village is not what it used to be. "The Village is not what it used to be" is as common a cry as "Anyway, we had plenty of laughs during prohibition." A fair portion of the boys and girls now living together below Fourteenth Street are married to each other, most of the fellows have buttoned their collars and put on neckties, and lots of them go to bed sober and while it's still dark. Everybody, as I say, knows these things about the Village, and as a quarter it has ceased to attract the rubberneck trade. Well, it seems that the people who cater to the night life down that way have more or less resigned themselves to this fact. They have decided, apparently, that since the natives have become civilized, their tastes must be much the same as the tastes of the solid burghers who live uptown. Night-club shows in the Village tend nowadays to have bands, masters of ceremonies, singers, and an occasional chorus girl. Some of the floors down there still slant more than they do in the Fifties, but that's about the only difference.

The band at Bill Bertolotti's, just like the one at the Stork Club, plays "Happy Birthday" for guests who are having birthdays. All you have to do is go up to the leader and say, "Will you please play 'Happy Birthday' for Miss Elverson?" "Certainly," he says. "What's the name again?" "Miss Elverson," you say. A moment later you hear the familiar strains and a man steps to the microphone and sings, at the third line, "Happy Birthday, Miss Robinson," and you say to your friend, "That's you." "Oh, how sweet!" she says. There is, as you can see, no variation in this routine from what goes on in the midtown spots. The food at Bertolotti's is Italian and pretty good, which seems to be about all the wholly un-Italian clientele is after. When I was last there the people at the table next to mine were speaking French, giving me the firm impression that I was back in the Cotillion Room or the St. Regis.

The Village Barn, on the other hand, is on the order of Bill's Gay Nineties, but with an extra dash of hillbilly plus an extra dash of more high-toned stuff. The Music Hall Boys sing those songs which are attributed to the end of the last century and sometimes belong there and sometimes don't, Chuck Palmer and a few assistants handle the mountain music, and then, to take the curse of individuality off the place, there's a ballroom dance team called Edward and Diane and a vocalist named June Bentley, who is reasonably indistinguishable from the rest of the girls in her racket. Of course, most rooms don't have a live rooster perched near the bandstand, as the Barn does, but this particular bird is an unusually quiet one and takes no part in the goings on. In addition to the show, the Barn offers games and country dances. These are conducted by a tired man in overalls, who, if I may say so, is a little arbitrary about the rules of Going to Jerusalem, alias Musical Chairs. I maintain that if a player has a chair pulled out from under him, he is justified in pulling a chair out from under somebody else. Pappy, as the master of ceremonies is called, thinks otherwise. Maybe he's just sore at being called Pappy. Anyhow, there are generally a few soldiers or sailors in the game who have learned to put up with anything. They have even become accustomed to being stuck at rear tables when there are more stylish customers in the house.

OVER at the 19th Hole, which is on West Fourth Street and nowhere near any visible golf course, there is, officially, a show which includes a chorus line, but the night I was there the line seemed inclined to sit down with a drink, just like the one at Leon & Eddie's. It was evidently a slow evening, because the girls never did get around to performing as scheduled, which is also a practice not entirely unknown north of the Village. . . . The Nut Club is thinking of adding a chorus to a floor show which already includes an acrobat, a comic, and its quota of singers. . . . Nick's is like the Hickory House in that there is always a fast, loud band at work there. This band is usually made up of Pee Wee Russell, Sidney Bechet, Brad Gowan, and a few others and is known one week as Pee Wee Russell's band, the next as Sidney Bechet's, the next as Brad Gowan's, and so on. . . . The Pepper Pot has a rustic décor, somewhat on the order of Kelly's Stable. The music is under the direction of Art Hodes, a pianist who likes swing and who would probably just as soon play it in a lean-to. . . . Café Society, sticking to boogie-woogie and not losing its head over the glitter of its uptown offshoot, is about the only place left with any originality.

ALTHOUGH a bit outside the boundaries of Greenwich Village, the Old Roumanian is a good example of how complete the citywide standardization of night clubs is getting to be. It's on Allen Street, right in the middle of the Roumanian section, and yet what do you suppose the orchestra plays? Not horas and sarbas, which, as any Roumanophile knows, are the country's national dances, but rumbas and congas. The local Roumanians are being Americanized, which, in entertainment circles, means Latin-Americanized. This inflicting of the Good Neighbor policy on everybody in sight is an interesting trend, and possibly a good thing. "Love us, love the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere" is our message to the immigrant. Perhaps this will lead to international understanding, good will, and friendship all over the place. Who knows? Who, on the other hand, knows what will become of American music? I mean North American. It's already got to be nearly all rhythm and no melody, and now things look as though any healthy, non-Latin influence is being bored at from within. Instrumentalists, vocalists, and whistlers, unite! One, two, three, kick—and I'm not conducting a conga. —D. E. L.

•

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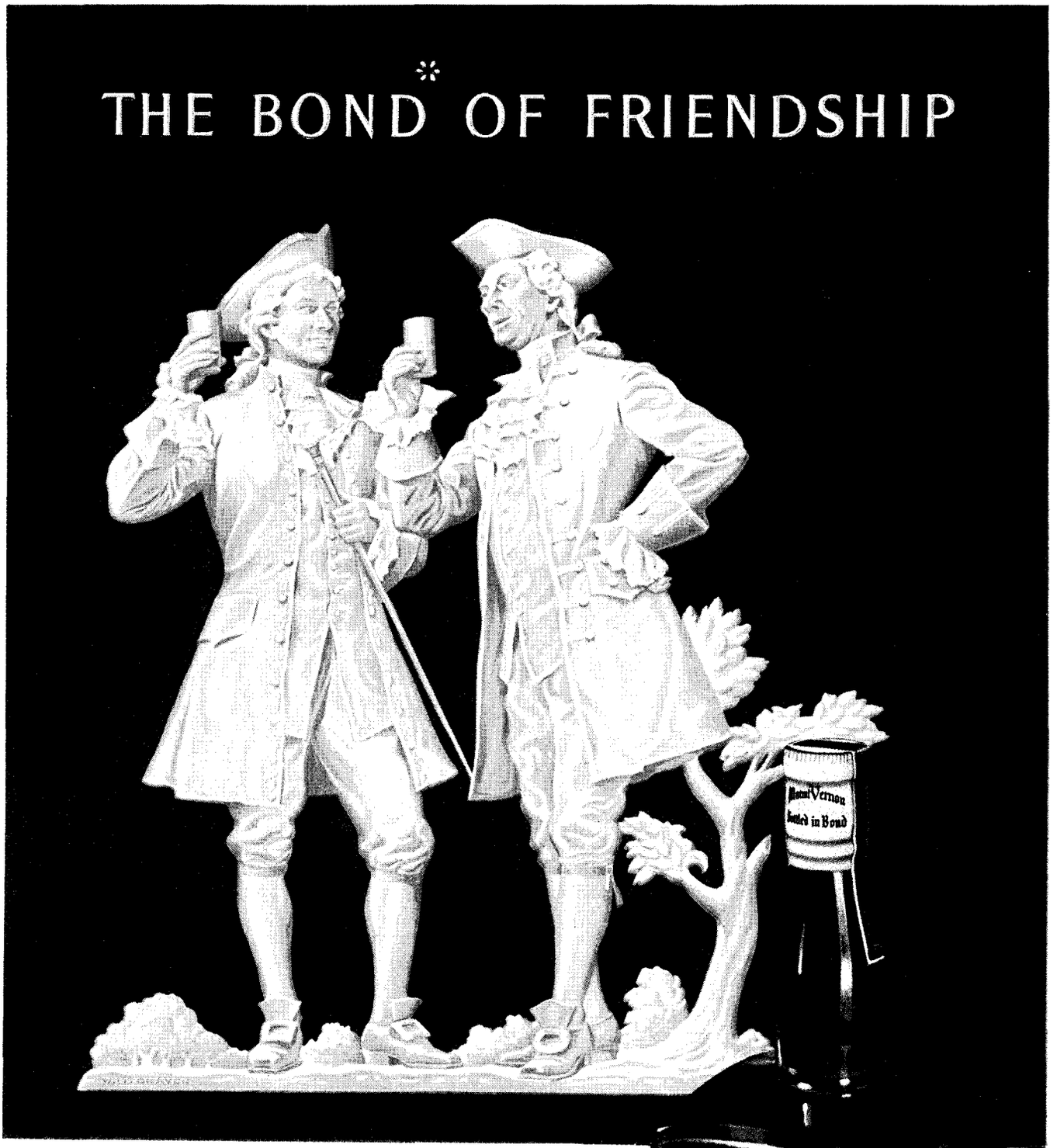

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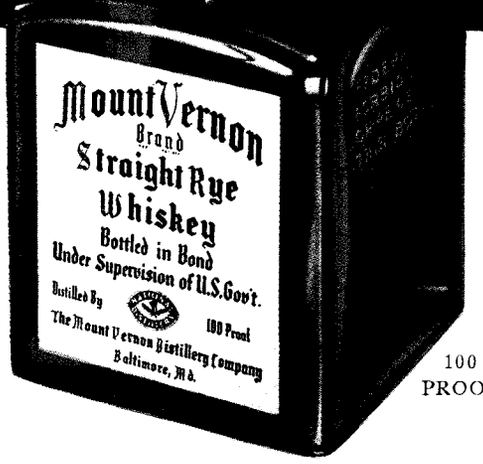

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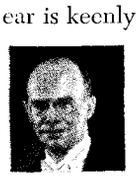

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BOOKS

Josephus, Columbus, and Others

WITH "Josephus and the Emperor," Lion Feuchtwanger brings to a close a trilogy that marks the climax of his powers and will rank as one of the few durable contributions of our time to the art of the historical novel. It is only when you read a man like Feuchtwanger, appreciating his grave, adult irony and the close, firm fabric of his historical knowledge, that you perceive how shoddy are his more immediately successful competitors. I believe that, despite its seemingly remote subject and setting, the Josephus trilogy will yield pleasure a score of years hence.

The basic theme of the trilogy—the conflict in the Jew Josephus between nationalism and internationalism, emotion and reason—is brought to a focus and a tragic resolution in this third volume. Josephus, now fifty, and living in the reign of the tyrant Domitian, is still striving to be both a Jewish teacher and a Roman knight. An unlucky moderator, always in the middle, he strives to reconcile the zealotry of his own people and the cosmopolitanism of the Greco-Roman world. On the one hand, he is subject to the hatred of the Jews; on the other, he comes up against the implacable Romanism of the Emperor.

The pattern of the story is enormously complex, involving the whole Mediterranean world of the time, the new sect of Minaeans (also known as Christians), Domitian's Gestapo, the antagonism of Jupiter and Jehovah, the totalitarian ambitions of Domitian, Domitian's passion for his beautiful (and treacherous) Empress Lucia. The criss-cross of motives, the machinations and corruption of Roman politics, the survivals of superstition in Domitian—all are manipulated with firm mastery.

The result is a slow-moving but powerful narrative, a little opaque at times but incremental in its effect. It is hereby recommended to readers who will willingly digest solid fare.

IN the preface to his "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," Professor Samuel Eliot Morison reminds us that when Francis Parkman decided to write his "Pioneers of France in the New World" he prepared for it in a manner not generally expected of historians. "He followed the routes of the French explorers, camped in the primeval forest, and lived among primitive Indians." Professor Morison, *mutatis mutandis*, went and did likewise, the result being a book that I imagine will be ranked by scholars as the definitive life of Christopher Columbus. It will certainly be hailed as the only non-armchair biography of its subject ever written. From 1937 to 1940, in yawl, schooner, and ketch, the author, a seasoned navigator as well as a great scholar, retraced, as far as was possible, the four voyages of Columbus. This modern mariner submitted himself to somewhat the same vicissitudes and dilemmas the ancient one had to face, met the same winds that advantaged or delayed Columbus, made the same landfalls, scanned the same topography. The result is a book that from the reader's point of view is the nearest thing to having sailed along with Columbus himself, and rather more comfortable.

While Professor Morison, who has spent years on this project, takes up the whole Columbus story in detail, handling the theories of other biographers with judicial severity, his main interest is in Columbus the sailor—"what he did, where he went, and what sort of seaman he was." His book, therefore, is essentially a salt-water affair, and those who have little stomach (my own can barely digest a ship's biscuit) for details of navigation, rigging, and caravel design will view Professor Morison's monumental work with a certain detached admiration. Thoroughgoing old salts, however, will fasten upon it and its fine maps and illustrations hungrily and may even want to explore the definitive, two-volume edition of the

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same work, fully annotated, decked out with extra charts and illustrations, and equipped with additional information on fifteenth-century sailing and, for good measure, the origin of syphilis.

CANDOR compels even this inveterate Romains fan to admit that the tenth volume of "Men of Good Will" is uninspired. This does not put me off the series as a whole; I propose to stick with it for at least another decade. But I look forward to rather rocky going unless the pace of "The New Day" is bettered in the volumes still to come.

"The New Day" deals with the magnetizing effect of the U.S.S.R. on a group of Frenchmen of all classes during 1922. The subject—this is, of course, hardly the fault of Romains—is poorly timed. Our eyes are fixed on Russia as she is today. It's almost impossible to summon up any warm interest in all the frayed arguments that took place during the twenties—the hopes, the hates, the fears that were aired in a million cafés and living rooms twenty years ago, when the Russian Revolution exhibited the compound and slightly dubious attractions of a Gehenna and a Utopia. Even Romains, despite his subtlety and intelligence, cannot galvanize those days. They are obscured for us by our interest in tomorrow's headlines and the latest communiqué from Moscow.

The sections of this new volume that deal with the perverse passion of Laulerque for Mathilde and with the love of Jallez and Elizabeth Valavert are rather more lively, but they too are talky and over-analytical. Jallez in particular, once such a fresh and exciting character, begins to get on one's nerves. His seriousness about himself and his emotions seems merely a dignified form of egotism.

On the other hand, there are abundant passages of considerable political insight, much of the old Romains inventiveness, and an opening chapter describing the Champs-Elysées that will rank just below the best set pieces of the entire series. But these plus factors do not quite redeem "The New Day." Here's to Romains XI.

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES, the sister of Hilaire Belloc and author of "The Lodger," has, in her honorable old age, written a quiet book of memoirs called " 'I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia.' " They deal with a French-English childhood as it was lived around 1870, and that, my dears, was a long,

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long time ago. One can only say that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' book, despite its plethora of family history, has a Victorian grace, a sweet decorum, that may appeal even to some of the brash youngsters of our own un-Arcadian day.

The best chapters deal with the War of 1870 (the Germans were just the same then, as the correspondence in this book shrewdly demonstrates) and with the tender romance of Bessie Parkes, great-granddaughter of the scientist Joseph Priestley, and Louis Belloc. The doctors denied the invalid Louis the possibility of paternity, but within a brief time the Anglo-French union of the two lovers produced Hilaire and the little Marie, who writes this book. It all makes a charming idyll, reminiscent in flavor of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ROGUE'S LEGACY, by Babette Deutsch. A novelized version of the last six or seven years in the life of François Villon. Miss Deutsch has done a careful piece of work, using most of the scraps of historical fact about this thief, wastrel, liar, and murderer who happened also to be a poet and a wit. The background is convincingly fifteenth-century, and Villon himself is a convincing enough rogue, but it's hard to believe, as one reads this book, that Villon was also an immortal poet.

BEYOND THIS SHORE, by Virgilia Sapieha. The story, during the past few years, of an American girl married to a Polish diplomat. Ignorant of affairs and of history, she learns to know and to respect, if not to like, some of Europe's ancient past and at the same time to evaluate with more mature understanding the faults and virtues of her native land. Readable, human, and unobtrusively topical.

NEW HOPE, by Ruth Suckow. Two years in the life of an Iowa town around 1900. The new minister comes with his family as the book opens; at the end he is leaving for another parish. In between, Miss Suckow creates a snug, neighborly little world, in which fried chicken and hot biscuits go nicely with the milk of human kindness. A happy epitaph to a safe and simple period of our history.

BRIDE OF GLORY, by Bradda Field. A long (963 pages), historical (1780-1800), romantic (four full-length

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love affairs, one marriage, a king and queen, diplomatic intrigue, naval battles) novel about Emma, Lady Hamilton, from her sixteenth year, when she was the slatternly but beautiful daughter of a blacksmith, to her rise to the height of her power as wife of the British Envoy Extraordinary to Naples, bosom friend of the Queen, and mistress of Nelson. Before she went into the movies, in other words.

THE RISE OF DANIEL CAVOUR, by E. S. Evens. The life story of a modern American captain of industry. He begins as a poor boy with little education and few friends; by his wits and by unscrupulous disregard of the rights and property of others, he builds a large fortune and gains great power. As is usual with such men in novels, many women love him and he uses them in any way necessary to him. Mr. Evens does not try to romanticize his hero, who emerges as a rather impressive heel.

GENERAL

THE PRIVATE READER, by Mark Van Doren. A selection of the distinguished poet's best literary articles and reviews and of his perceptive motion-picture criticisms. Mr. Van Doren neither thinks nor writes like a hardened book reviewer. He is always himself, "the private reader."

BOOK OF BAYS, by William Beebe. Second zoological expedition of the schooner Zaca, this time down the coast from Lower California to Colombia. Enchanting stories about fish, flesh, and fowl, in the author's best poetic-scientific blend. Illustrated.

THE VOICE OF FIGHTING RUSSIA, edited by Lucien Zacharoff. Russia in the opening weeks of its new war with Germany—the Army, Navy, Air Force, guerrillas, factories, farms, and so on—as described, mainly without bylines, by Soviet novelists, poets, correspondents, Stalin himself, and others. A striking collection, but rather heavily dosed with naïve inspirationalism. Preface by the Dean of Canterbury. Illustrated.

CAPTURED, by Bessy Myers. Vivid narrative of an English girl ambulance driver who was captured by the Nazis in France, locked up in the notorious Cherche-Midi military prison, and escaped to England. Lots of sharp observation, and very readable.

AMERIGO, by Stefan Zweig, translated by Andrew St. James. How America got its name from Amerigo Vespucci, who was not its discoverer but the first man, apparently, to recognize it as a new world. A historical mystery story, told with a painless and graceful scholarship. Fine translation. Illustrated.

THE SETTING SUN OF JAPAN, by Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith. Sharp-eyed impressions of people and events in the Pacific area during the months before Pearl Harbor—Japan, chiefly, but also Shanghai, Manila, Singapore, the Netherlands East Indies, Australia, Hawaii, and so forth. We'll win, the authors think, because the Japanese can't match us in production. Timely and well written. Some of the material has appeared in *PM*. Maps.

THE AMERICAN THESAURUS OF SLANG, by Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van den Bark. An exhaustive, 1,174-page reference book of colloquial speech, organized on the model of Roget.

THEY TAUGHT THEMSELVES, by Sidney Janis. The result of years of research by its author, this book is about as carefully documented and sympathetically presented a study of American primitive painters, from Joseph Pickett on down to Horace Pippin, as could be imagined. Plentifully illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BODY IN THE LIBRARY, by Agatha Christie. Colonel and Mrs. Bantry are surprised when the body of a beautiful young girl is discovered in the library of their respectable house near London. In the ensuing chaos they find themselves mixed up with some fairly shady characters. Miss Marple is the amateur sleuth in this story by a prolific author who never misses.

TELEFAIR, by Craig Rice. Miss Rice abandons the hardboiled school of writing to dip into horror. Young David Telefair is summoned by his grandfather, whom he has never seen, to the Telefair estate, on an island in Chesapeake Bay. It is his first visit to the island, and his relatives, the servants, and a doctor who also lives there are a mysterious lot. What follows is pretty frightening in spots.

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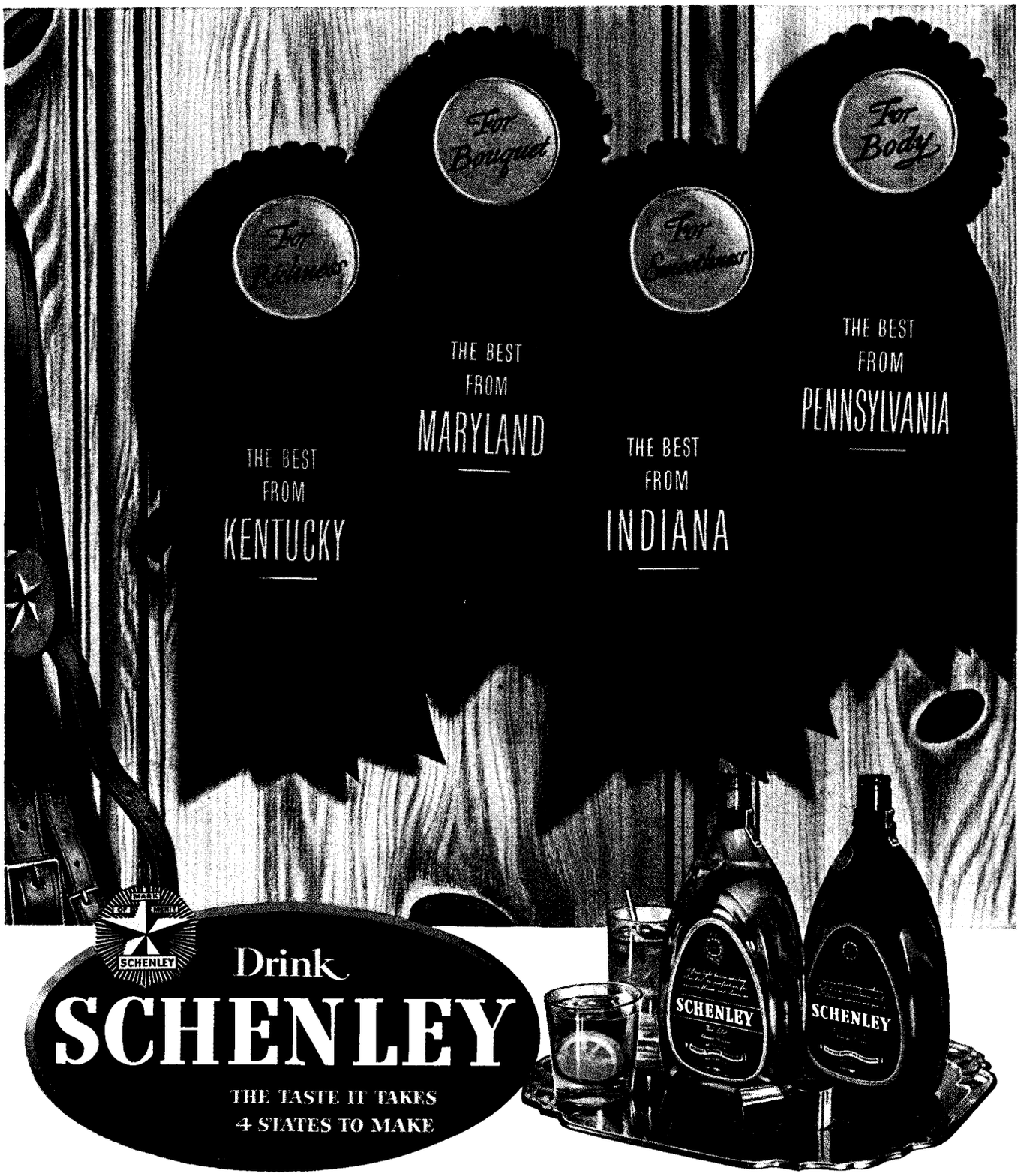

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